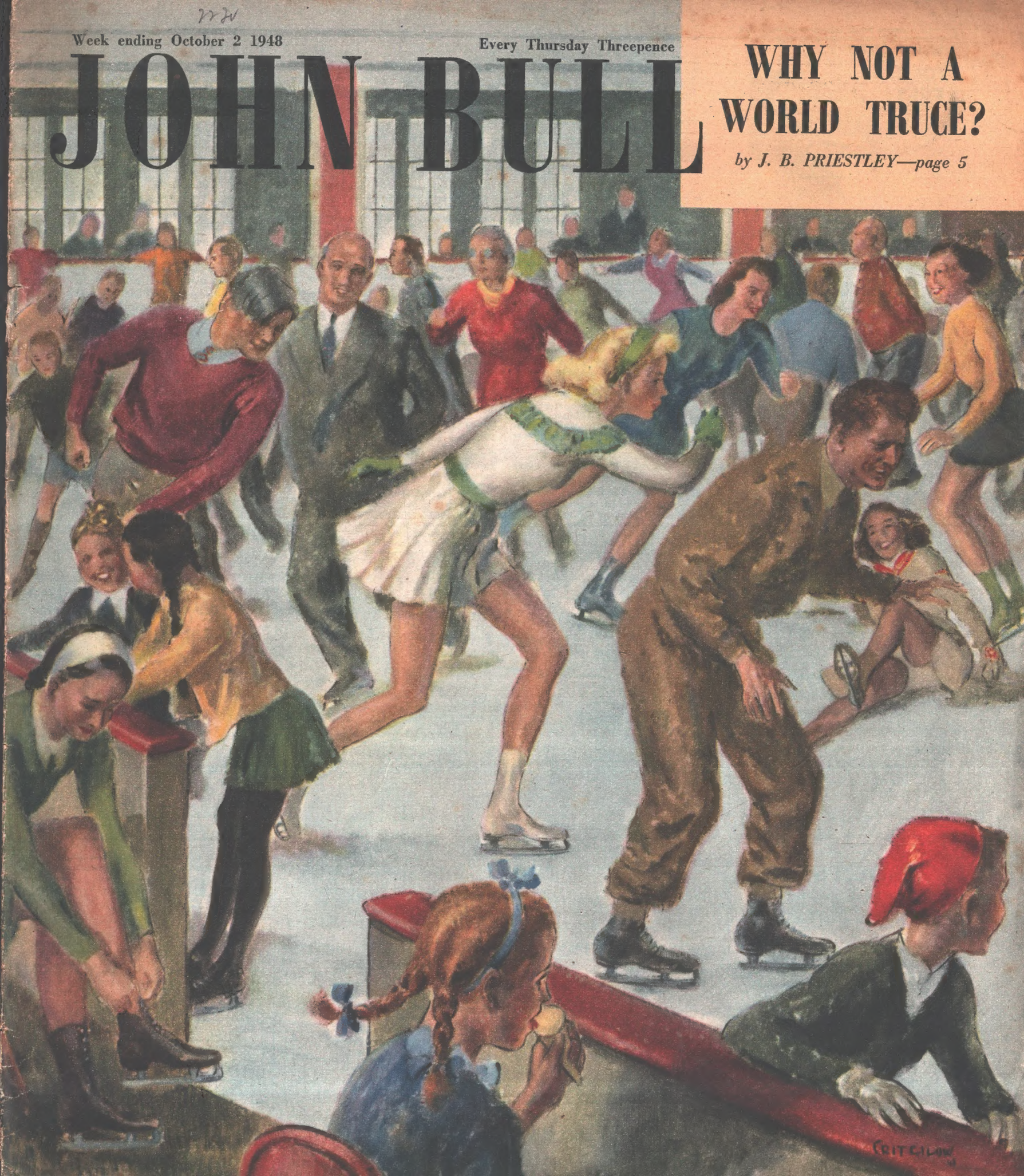
Week ending October 2 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

WHY NOT A WORLD TRUCE?

by J. B. PRIESTLEY—page 5



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good things to make with hedgerow fruits

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Potted Elderberries

This preserve needs little sugar, will keep for years, and is delicious to use as stewed fruit, in pies and tarts.

Strip the berries with a fork. Weigh them and allow 1 ½ oz. sugar per pound. Put into jars (screw-band, spring-clip or jam-jar snap enclosure type) sprinkling the sugar among the fruit. When full, put the jars in a slow oven, cover with lids (not rings, screw-bands or clips) and cook until juice is completely drawn; this needs ¾ to 1 hour.

Meantime sterilise rubber rings by putting in cold water, bringing to the boil and boiling 15 minutes. Remove one jar at a time from the oven, filling up from spare jar of fruit as contents will have shrunk. Seal immediately with hot rings and lids and fix on screw-band or clip. Test next day; remove screw-band or clip, lift jar by lid. If seal is perfect, lid will not come off. Otherwise, jar should be re-done or contents used within a few days.

In place of Currants

Dried elderberries can be used as currants for puddings, cakes, for stewing with apple or marrow for tarts. Pick sprays of berries before they are too ripe, shake free from dust. Tie the stalks at intervals on a stout piece of thread. Tie the thread up over a warm stove or in a sunny window. The drying may take from 5 to 8 days. Gently remove berries from stalks and store in paper bags.

Blackberry and Apple Jelly

2 lb. blackberries, 1 lb. cooking apples, 1 pint water, 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice.

Wash the fruit, cut up apples and place in a pan with blackberries and water. Boil gently until tender, then mash well and strain through a scalded jelly bag or muslin. Measure the juice and add 1 lb. sugar to each pint. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then boil rapidly until setting point is reached (about 15 minutes) and pot in the usual way.

Berry Tart

Short-crust pastry made with 8 oz. flour, 8 oz. prepared blackberries or elderberries, 1 level tablespoon flour, pinch of salt, 3 level tablespoons sugar, pinch of grated nutmeg, pinch of cinnamon, ½ teaspoon lemon essence.

Line an enamel plate or sandwich tin with half the pastry. Mix the fruit with the flour, salt, sugar, spices and lemon essence. Put the mixture into the plate and cover with the remaining pastry. Bake in a hot oven for 20-30 minutes.

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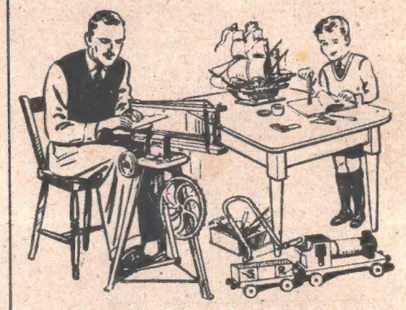

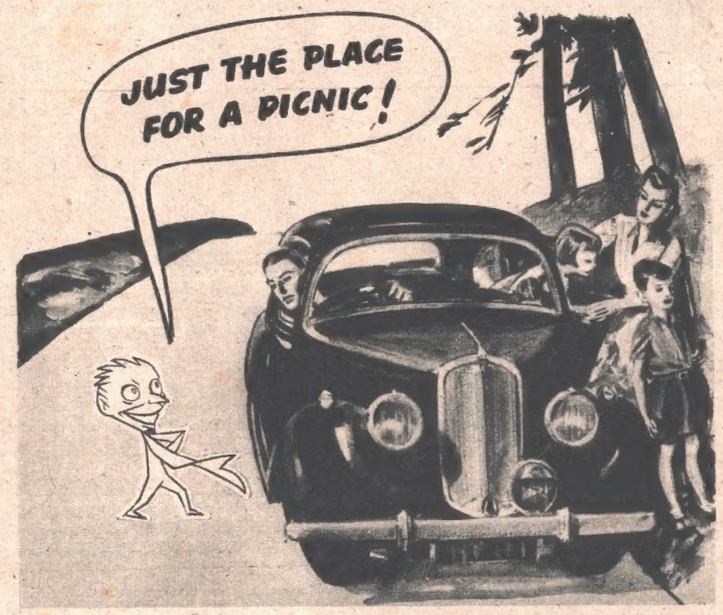

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JOHN BULL

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OCTOBER 2, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2205

The Hard Way to Peace

IN A WORLD sharply divided into two opposing camps, there is no easy path to peace. That is the sad and terrible lesson of the recurring crises between East and West.

Hopes raised one day are often disappointed on the next morning. Tension mounts almost to breaking point before it relaxes again. And there is the ever-present danger that one side or the other will go too far; somebody will get into a position from which it is too late to withdraw.

So the problem which most occupies men's minds today is how to escape from the fear of another war. It's terrible. It doesn't seem possible. Yet it is happening.

What can we do about it?

We can be ready for any challenge that may come. Undoubtedly, our lack of preparedness accelerated the last war, and so long as we fear another war, we ought to make it as difficult and hazardous as possible for an aggressor to see any hope of a quick victory.

One obvious thing we must do, therefore, is to strengthen our forces and our armaments. JOHN BULL supports the Government in taking steps to increase our preparedness.

But preparation against the possibility of war, although it may be necessary, is in itself a completely inadequate answer to the present situation. In the existing state of the world, it could easily do more harm than good. It might create a "war mentality" which, in the end, would have the result it was designed to prevent.

What we want is a new attitude of mind. We must be ready to defend our own country, if need be, to the utmost of our ability, and at the same time try to keep our thoughts on what J. B. Priestley, in his important article on page 5, calls "new and better ways of feeding, clothing, housing, educating and amusing the peoples of the world."

This is, in the final reckoning, the only way we can even hope to blot out the hideous vision of a third world war. It represents the hard way to peace.

No Longer Highbrow

NOW SPREADING from London to other cities is a quiet revolution in "live" entertainment.

More and more people are going to opera and ballet.

A new opera season has opened in London at Covent Garden. Other companies are on tour.

Ballet takes big audiences by storm, not only in the sophisticated West End but in the suburbs and in provincial towns.

Both these kinds of show, once thought of as highbrow, are now appealing to the masses.

Maybe it's due to the influence of the B.B.C., which has greatly improved public taste in the last twenty years.

Whatever the reason, a new theatre-going public has grown up which wants intelligent musical entertainment on a high cultural level instead of the old-fashioned commercial leg-show.

And people are learning, to their surprise, that British performers can sing and dance with the best. You don't have to have a Russian name to be a star ballerina. Look at Moira ("Red Shoes") Shearer and Margot Fonteyn.

You don't have to be an Italian or a German to sing in opera. It's all very healthy and encouraging.

It all makes for greater happiness in a grim world.

Keeping Them Rolling

THIS TIME LAST AUTUMN we were in a mess because there were not enough railway wagons to keep goods flowing freely over the land.

Too much of our old rolling stock was under repair; new trucks were still to be built; and British Railways had not put its unifying hand on the old systems.

We were saved then—as we in Britain always are saved sooner or later—by the energy and public spirit of a few men. They were the railwaymen who speeded up the wagon "turnaround," the unloading time at each end of a journey.

The prospects for this winter are so much better that no such special effort is likely to be needed.

Opponents of nationalisation should note with reluctant respect that uniting the old railways under one management has made it possible to get wagon repairs done more quickly and more economically. Leeway has been caught up. The railways can now cope with industry's demands.

All this doesn't make big headlines—but how important it is to our pockets and our stomachs!

Now Rebuild the Slums

BY THE END of this month, Aneurin Bevan has promised, the Government's first target of three-quarters of a million permanent and temporary houses will have been hit.

In three and a half years, mainly of crisis, that is good going. What next?

Look around you at the slums, Mr. Bevan!

There are still shocking slums in all our big industrial areas, where not only overcrowding but filthy squalor persists in spite of all the building before and since the war.

These evil places, which demoralize men, wear out women, and make children sickly, must go next.

Some of the people who live in them have got almost past caring, past hope. But they can still be rescued, still given a new start in decent homes.

We recommend the Minister of Health and his colleagues in charge of housing to send for maps showing just where the country's worst slums are; then to direct new building precisely to those areas. Quickly, too—because there will be a lot to be pulled down as well as built up. And every year that a slum dwelling stands it gets dirtier, unhealthier, slummier.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play
To turn our economic night to day.
That's why I ask just now "Your patience, please.
My own part takes me mainly overseas."

JOHNNIE WALKER

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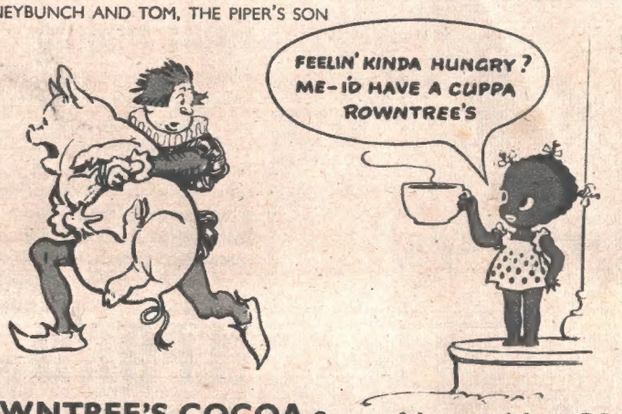

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TALES WITH A MORAL—NO. 2

Susie and the Scissors

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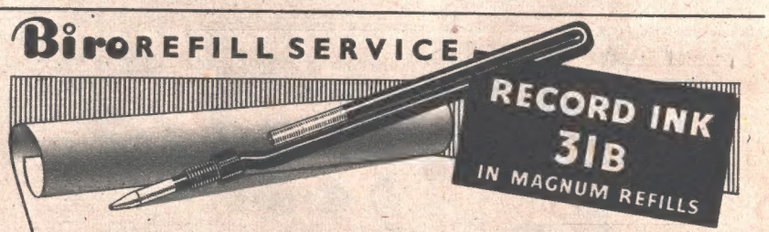

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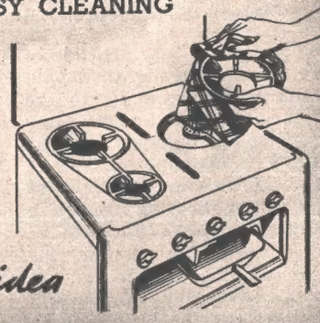

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WHY NOT A WORLD TRUCE?

A third World War would shatter civilization. Yet we are moving towards it as if in a nightmare, knowing the consequences of another war but unable to check our steps along the fatal path. J. B. Priestley, in this special John Bull article, outlines positive action to break the deadlock that is casting a shadow over the lives of ordinary people everywhere. In subsequent articles, other distinguished contributors will deal with particular aspects of this vital theme—how to revive international understanding and friendship before it is too late

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

THREE YEARS AFTER the second World War, we are now within sight of the third World War, the most appalling and idiotic conflict imaginable. If this war should take place it is doubtful if it will settle anything except the fate of Western Europe (including Britain) as a vital centre of civilization.

Is this war inevitable? If not, how have we come already so close to it, and how can we avoid it? These are the questions I propose to try to answer in this article.

Out of the hundreds of millions who would be involved in this war, only a handful of people, probably all of them psychological misfits, want it. At the moment no mass of people anywhere wants it.

So far as we have drawn nearer to the possibility of such a war, then so far have all the major governments concerned disastrously failed. They promised us peace and are now offering us war again. If this is not failure, then what is? (Consider, for example, the Berlin mess. If any factory in the countries concerned had been managed as badly as that, all the top men would have been promptly sacked.)

It is ironical that while the ordinary citizen everywhere now is asked not to indulge himself, our politicians and their senior officials keep on wilfully indulging their own temperaments. And their self-indulgence is a million times more dangerous than ours.

But vague accusations are worse than useless. If mistakes are being made, we must try to understand what those mistakes are. If, as we have been told, "Wars begin in the minds of men," we must take a look into men's minds to see what is happening there. If wrong thinking works the mischief, then what is this wrong thinking?

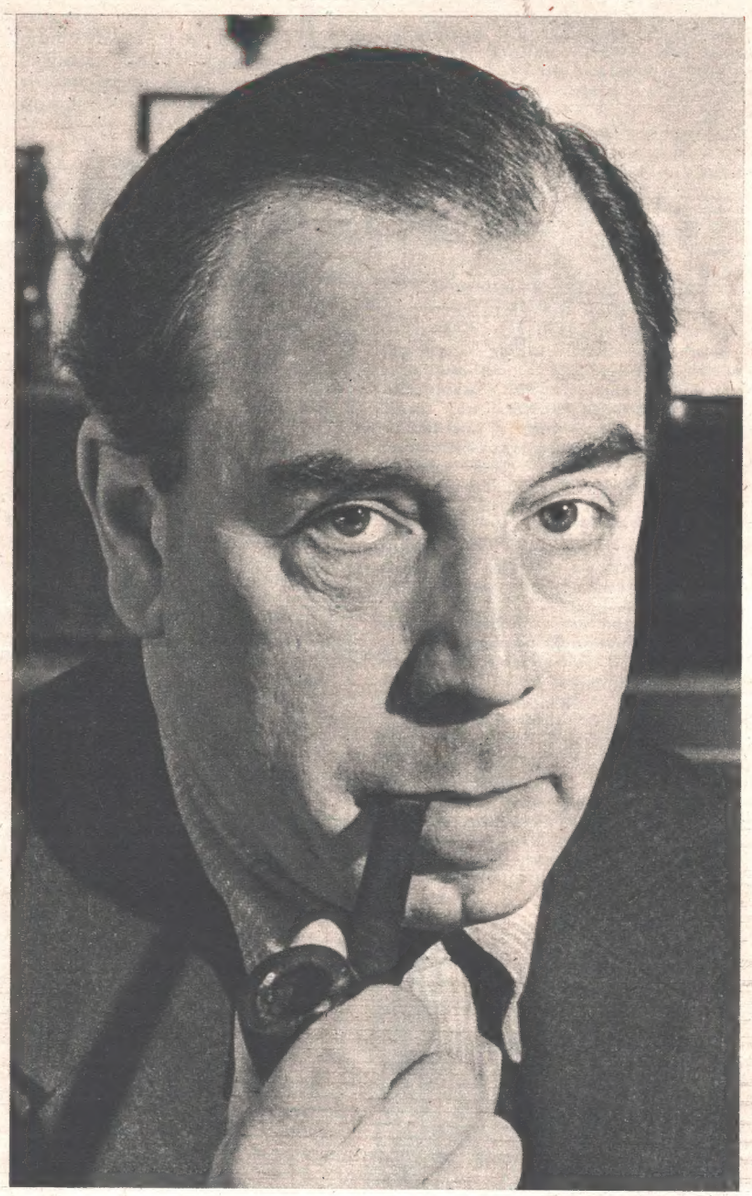
We're Acting Like Sleepwalkers

And let me add at once that I do not propose to point out that if we were all saints there would be no more wars. We are not saints. But my contention is that we are not even behaving like fairly sensible sinners. We are in fact behaving like people walking in their sleep.

Perhaps the fundamental error of our age, an age in which power is highly concentrated, is the notion that basic problems can somehow be solved not by giving them more thought and attention but by *some group already having great power vastly increasing that power.*

"Enlarge the area of our control," these men say in effect, "and all will be well."

This is the illusion of power-hungry men. And clearly there is no short cut to peace and prosperity by way of atom bombs and germ warfare. Only the desert lies that way.



"Because there are Communists on the Volga and Capitalists on the Hudson, that is no reason why we should all be condemned to live in a world in which bombs get bigger and dinners get smaller"

Bringing to fundamental problems the necessary insight, close study, patience and a spirit of co-operation is a difficult and tedious business. It is much easier to declare that strong, determined enemies are at work. It is also much more dramatic. Any fool with a loud voice can find applause by shouting "Filthy Red," "Capitalist hyena," "Fascist reptile." But what problem has been solved by such antics?

And meanwhile, energy, attention and money are devoted to armaments and the secret police that ought to be devoted to the serious problems of our world.

There is No Perfect System

Any man of sense must realize that *all* our contemporary political-economic systems are in fact improvised, patchy and capable of much improvement. They are our own sketchy work, not given us by God on tablets of stone. There is nothing *sacred* about them. (Persons are sacred, not systems: we have got the thing the wrong way round.)

In some places the gasworks are run by private enterprise; in others by public corporations; in others by a Soviet. So what? Have millions of us to die horrible deaths because there are several different ways of running a gasworks?

The odd thing is that it is the very fanatics, who are trying to rush us all into another war, who do not behave as if they believed what they tell us. Each of them says that his system alone will produce good results and yet will not wait to let us see those results.

The fanatical Communist tells us that Capitalism must inevitably soon decay, but he is not content to let it decay. The fanatical Capitalist tells us that Communism cannot deliver the goods and services it promises and must soon be found out as a fraud, but he will not wait to watch it being found out.

Both Sides Seem to Fear Time

Thus, each of them has the best of all reasons for doing nothing, if Time is on his side, yet behaves, forcing the issue, as if he did not believe his own story, as if Time were against him.

Again, in this ideological quarrel, no allowance whatever is made by the fanatics for psychological differences, racial temperaments, historical backgrounds. The members of each group seem to think they are arguing with people like themselves who have deliberately chosen to be wicked.

The American will not understand that the typical Slav—and possibly the Asiatic—does not see Communism as the American does. The Slav or Asiatic

approach comes from quite a different direction. Similarly, the Communist Slav cannot or will not see that Capitalist enterprise still represents something essential, a genuine way of living, to the average American. And neither party understands that British Socialism, with all its queer compromises, reflects an outlook quite different from either of theirs, as different as English weather.

So we are all stamping about and shouting in a thick fog of ignorance and cross-purposes. And if we ever go to war, we shall never know what we are fighting about—a last irony.

We All Clamp Down on Knowledge

It is time some of this fog were dispersed. This means more knowledge and less prejudice, more cool thought and less hot emotion. But unfortunately the contemporary world is now chiefly organized to prevent knowledge from spreading and to increase prejudice.

Governments cut down travel. Facts are hard to obtain. Lies multiply. Propaganda machines, official and unofficial, work overtime. (You could run several UNESCO organizations on the money wasted by governments on short-wave radio propaganda.) Ordinary people everywhere know less and less, but still pay the bill. It is enough to drive a man into hating all governments and turning anarchist.

In spite of all the screaming fanatics and professional tub-thumpers, the plain fact remains that no political-economic system in any major country is entirely good or bad. I know both Moscow and New York and can state definitely that neither of them resembles either Heaven or Hell. Both these cities are inhabited not by angels or monsters but by worried men who want to get home and have a smoke and play with the children.

The Americans, the Russians, the British, have all much to learn from each other. Nor is it difficult, given a fair hearing, to persuade ordinary folk that this is true.

Because there are Communists on the Volga and Capitalists on the Hudson River, that is no reason why we should all be condemned to live in a world in which bombs get bigger and dinners get smaller. Even if there should be no war, the idea of war is now eating like an acid through the fabric of our lives.

The psychological effect is so bad that people may allow their governments to drift into war out of sheer despair. Moreover, the preparations for war, on which fabulous sums are spent, reduce the standard of ordinary living until at last people begin to wonder whether it would not be better to have a war and be done with it.

Meanwhile, the world situation grows worse—not, as we are so often told, because this power-group is gaining or losing—but because among all this squabbling, intriguing and propagandizing, the world's affairs are not being properly attended to. Here all the politicians in power are to blame, together with most of their expert advisers. The old poker game is still in progress, although now the stakes are monstrously high.

We shall do well to be afraid of some things—of a world that cannot feed itself, of a breakdown of civilization, of a rapid return to barbarism—but we are so hypnotized by the fears of a comparatively few Capitalist-Communist fanatics that we are allowing ourselves to be hurried towards real disaster. Our grandchildren, if they survive, will think of us as a lot of lunatics.

I for one see no chance in the immediate future of Moscow being Capitalist or Washington going Communist. Nor do I see any reason why people in different parts of the world should not have different political-economic systems. On the other hand, I see many urgent reasons why we should stop playing power politics, lit by a kind of hellfire of false emotion.

At present the Russians are frightened of the Americans, the Americans are frightened of the Russians, and the rest of us are almost frightened out of our lives. Nobody enjoys it, except a few ambitious military leaders. So why not wake ourselves out of this nightmare?

What, then, am I proposing?

First, an ideological truce, an interval during which the various political-economic systems might compete peacefully, to prove which is the most satisfactory. Let us see which produces the largest dinners, the best clothes, the most new houses, and not the largest bombs.

Secondly, putting the welfare of persons before ideologies, our governments should attack not each other but certain world problems, of which food is probably the most important.

Challenge to the Communists

They must drop the idea that these problems can be solved by an increase of power, by merely taking something belonging to somebody else, by augmenting the ranks not of farm workers and technicians but of soldiers and secret police. Time and money should be spent not on even filthier ways of making war but on new and better ways of feeding, clothing, housing, educating, and amusing the people of the world.

We shall be told at once that any demand for such a World Truce might succeed in Britain, America and elsewhere, but would have no effect on the Communist countries. This is always possible, for the roots of suspicion can go very deep in tough revolutionaries.

But clearly it is worth trying.

If the Communist Powers are sharply and decisively challenged on behalf of the peoples of the world, if their assistance is demanded to help us solve these urgent world problems, then it would be difficult for the Communists to reject the appeal, and impossible for them to reject it without weakening their own claim to serve the people's interests. We can but try while there is still time and we still live to attempt it.

Not devils or angels, just ordinary folk: mealtime for family in Kiev

It thrives on worry. It plagues the life out of our best workers. Now, scientists have started . . .

A NEW ATTACK ON THE ULCER

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

THERE ARE SEVERAL hundred kinds of ulcers. But if you ever hear a man say: "I've got an ulcer," you know he means one affecting the stomach. The increase in the number of cases of stomach ulcer in the last thirty years has been remarkable.

Equally remarkable has been the difficulty in finding a means of preventing the recurrence of this disease. Treatment needs to do three things—relieve the symptoms quickly, heal the ulcer, and prevent relapses. There are scores of treatments which will achieve the first two, but most of them have fallen down on the last requirement.

Now, at last, doctors are in sight of the answer.

It is not too soon. Both gastric ulcers and duodenal ulcers have become increasingly common, particularly duodenal ulcers, which are caused in the same way as gastric ulcers but are not in the stomach itself.

Three Hundred Times as Many

The duodenum is that first part of the small intestine into which the stomach empties its partially digested contents. There are three duodenal ulcers for every gastric ulcer case.

The phrase "peptic ulcer" includes both gastric and duodenal ulcers, and a proved peptic ulcer has always been a good reason for discharging a man from the Forces. Here is one startling indication of the increase in peptic ulcers. For every man who got his ticket from the Army in 1914-18, there were three hundred discharged in the second World War.

Who are the sufferers? The Premier, we now know, is threatened with an ulcer. In fact, it is men rather than women who usually develop this trouble. There are six times as many "duodenals" in men as in women and three times as many "gastrics." Men who are energetic, anxious, irritable, are the men with the ulcers. Your fat, placid man rarely gets one.

There are already more than enough cases of ulcer to make the Government and other employers nearly as worried as the patients and their doctors.

It is estimated that of men in industry between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five more than six per cent have peptic ulcers. For those between forty-five and fifty-five the figure is ten per cent. This means a lot of pain—and absenteeism.

Employers are the more concerned because the type of man affected is so often among the best workers. The typical ulcer patient is the spare, active man who is conscientious, perhaps over-conscientious, ready to take responsibility and inclined to worry about it. For any occupation there are more ulcers among the employed than the unemployed.

Peptic ulcer ranks low in the list of killing diseases, causing little more than one per cent of all deaths in Great Britain. But it ranks high as a cause of suffering and invalidism.

Statistics about people who recover from ulcers are not easy to obtain. Statistics about the forty-three thousand people who died from gastric and duodenal ulcers in the ten years before the war show how ulcers are related to standards of living and to the work men do.

For every eighty-three deaths from peptic ulcer in professional and other well-paid occupations there are 101 such deaths among the skilled workers who are not so well-paid and 117 among the unskilled labourers who are in the lowest income bracket. These are accurate figures, but each group covers a large number of different occupations. For individual jobs the chances of dying from a gastric or duodenal ulcer vary much more widely.

For every forty-three draughtsmen and costing clerks there are 163 plasterers who die of a gastric ulcer. For every sixty-seven agricultural labourers who die for the same reason there are 182 gastric ulcer deaths among waiters. How often do you see a fat, placid waiter?

The ulcer always starts in the lining membrane of the stomach. And it is always a stomach which has a greater volume of gastric secretion and a higher concentration of gastric acid than a normal stomach.

Every normal stomach has its quota of hydrochloric acid helping to digest each meal. But every ulcer stomach has more than the normal quantity of acid.

This excess of acid leads to the ulceration which causes first indigestion, then pain, and later internal bleeding and even perforation of the wall of the stomach.

Relieving the Pain

The first treatment ever tried and still the most popular is by alkalis. Alkalis neutralize acids and so mixtures of bismuth and bicarbonate and magnesia and the like neutralize the excess hydrochloric acid in the stomach. All these familiar "stomach powders" and "white medicines"—and there are scores of them—will relieve the pain and other symptoms like "heartburn," which is due to the acid regurgitating into the gullet.

Often they will allow the ulcer to heal fairly quickly. Hardly ever do they prevent relapses.

In fact, without any treatment, most ulcers will heal, taking anything from a month to a year to do so. There follows a period of apparent good health with no

Clement Attlee, seen leaving hospital, is threatened with an ulcer. Men of his type are susceptible

symptoms at all. Then—as most ulcer patients know to their cost—the ulcer reappears and the same pain after meals begins all over again.

Relapses can be prevented in many patients by careful dieting, with frequent small meals, by abjuring smoking and alcohol, and, in many cases, by changing to a less worrying kind of job.

Generally speaking, sixty per cent of ulcer patients become well on medical treatment alone; twenty per cent are not so well but can carry on, and the remaining twenty per cent require some kind of operation.

Old Ideas Need Revising

What kind of operation has long been a vexed technical question. Now, there is an entirely new operation that has attracted no attention outside the medical profession but which is vitally important to every ulcer patient. The results of this new method are already good enough to suggest that many of the old ideas about ulcers and how to treat them will have to be drastically revised.

The physicians knew there was too much acid secreted in the ulcerated stomach, and applied alkalis for its neutralization. Where the alkalis were not enough the surgeons were called in to remove part of the stomach—the part that produced most of the acid.

Methods of performing this operation vary according to the type of patient, the type of ulcer, and the preference of the individual surgeon. Whatever the method, the results are much the same. Just as the physicians cure sixty per cent of all their ulcer patients, so the surgeons cure sixty per cent of the patients who won't respond to medical treatment and who have therefore been handed on to them by the physicians.

With the increase in ulcer cases, surgeons have become more and more interested in stomachs and have performed some astonishing feats.

They devised a flexible tube with a system of lenses and electric lights and tiny mirrors which can be swallowed quite easily. It allows the operator to see inside the stomach, and even to take coloured photographs. A normal stomach has thick, smooth, orange-red folds and looks rather pleasant. An ulcer looks like something Salvador Dali dreamed up, set in the ruins of a red plush curtain.

Looking at the inside of the stomach with a gastroscope, and at the outside of it on an operating table, the surgeons learnt a lot. They removed larger and larger portions till finally they tried removing an entire stomach.

The ancients thought the stomach was essential to life. The surgeons have shown that you can do without it. There were two cases operated on in London in which the entire stomach was removed for cancer of the stomach. The man lived for three years and two months and the woman for three years and six months. In the last ten years there have been fifty similar cases surviving not quite so long.

In similar cancer cases, where not all, but a large part of the stomach, had to be cut away, patients have lived and worked afterwards for as long as seven and nine years, though the average is near two to three years.

The Nervous Factor

Slowly the surgeons learnt that even if they removed nine-tenths of a stomach, an ulcer would still form, in some cases, in the tenth part that was left. Clearly there was more than just the hydrochloric acid involved in the ulcer problem. The physicians pointed out that there was often a nervous factor in these ulcer cases. During the war, for example, there were more and worse ulcers during periods of prolonged and heavy air raids than during the months of comparative quiet.

Other facts, apparently unrelated, began to attract attention. Here are some of them:

Indigestion is common enough in pregnancy, though peptic ulcer is incredibly rare. Among ten thousand pregnant women seen consecutively at the antenatal clinic of the Central Middlesex Hospital there was not a single case of peptic ulcer. Doctors in New York City did find a case of gastric ulcer complicating pregnancy but it was only one case in 348,310 pregnancies over a period of ten years. Yet pregnant women secrete as much gastric acid as non-pregnant women.

There are now five cases on record of the same sort of ulcers appearing at the same place at the same time in identical twins.

Coffee is bad for people with ulcers—and the blacker the worse. Yet the caffeine which coffee contains acts principally on the brain and nervous system.

The stomach goes on secreting acid all night, which means that the acid is not just a response to taking a meal. A man with his stomach exposed and turned almost inside out after an injury lived for years. All the forbidden articles of diet and alcohol and tobacco were seen to increase his flow of acid gastric juice, just as expected. Feelings of frustration and resentment produced much more acid than a rump steak—which was not expected at all.

All these and many other facts pointed the same way—to the nervous system. So the surgeons shifted the centre of attack from the stomach to the nerves which control it.

The new operation of vagotomy leaves the stomach just as it was. But it involves the division of the vagus nerves controlling the acid secretion in the stomach. The results are startling. The stomach is still the same size and shape but its secretion of acid drops back to normal and it moves slowly like a well-ordered stomach when digesting food, instead of quickly and irritably and painfully like an ulcerated stomach.

As an unexpected side-effect the constipation from which ulcer patients often suffer is relieved by the operation of vagotomy.

In one combined series of 250 cases vagotomy cured eighty-seven per cent of these ulcer patients and gave a fair result in another six per cent. These were American patients operated on by Dragstedt, who first tried the operation in 1943, and his colleagues.

More Chance of Cure

Vagotomy is important for two reasons. It offers a better chance of cure to a big group of ulcer patients, and it points the way to a new approach to the problem of the man with an ulcer. Cutting the nerves works well enough but is at best a clumsy method of controlling an overactivity of part of the nervous system, which, in its turn, calls forth an overactivity of the acid-producing cells in the stomach.

For years the research workers on gastric problems have been looking in vain for new kinds of alkalis to neutralize the acid. Now they are engaged much more hopefully on an entirely different search. There should be some drug which will control the vagus nerve just as effectively as the surgeon does by cutting it.

When that drug is brought to light gastric surgery of all kinds—including vagotomy—will cease to be necessary and physicians will be able to offer their ulcer patients something which will relieve the symptoms, heal the ulcer, *and* prevent relapses.

Vagotomy operation is watched by students. The surgeon does not operate on the stomach, but cuts vagus nerves which control stomach acid secretion

OAK PURPLE

by JOHN LUKENS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The forest had taught old Jimmer many a tip. Like how to remove stains from a man's hands—or his character, too

Buller stepped up to Dave. "Bide away from Janice. No girl of mine be going with the likes of ye," he shouted

THE TWO MEN trudged along the gravel road that ran through Fawn Leap Enclosure, round one part of which they were putting up a new stretch of fence.

On either side, plantations of conifers mingled with belts of oak and beech and sparsely wooded slopes where timber had been felled during the war. Wood pigeons hooted like mellow foghorns from distant treetops and a rabbit watched them approach with frightened eyes, then bolted back among the fern on one side of the track.

"About time Buller come up to see how we're doing," Jimmer said.

The other grunted at the mention of the local woodman's name. Jimmer glanced at him, an amused gleam in his eyes.

"Ye finds Janice sweeter tempered'n her dad, eh?"

"She's different altogether," Dave said warmly.

Jimmer chuckled.

He was over fifty and had been born and bred in the forest. Under a cloth cap grey hair curled back from his temples like thick smoke, but his cheeks were still smooth, the colour of russet apples. His blue eyes were strikingly clear, deep-set above a straight nose and broad mouth that held a self-rolled cigarette as fat as a small cigar. He wore hobnailed boots, patched trousers tied at his ankles with string, and a collarless green shirt.

They hung their lunch packs on a tree from which stretched a green tarpaulin with the words "Forestry Commission" stencilled across one corner. Under the sheet were bulging sacks of nails and staples and a bag of fools. Rolls of thick wire and slats of hoop-iron were stacked at intervals along the old dilapidated fence that stretched into the distance.

"All the same," Jimmer said, as he shouldered his axe, "ye'll have to ask him soon now you're set to be wed."

Dave frowned heavily and ran a hand through his dark hair. "I mind that," he said.

He was in his middle twenties, loose limbed and inches taller than the older forest labourer. His movements seemed awkward, uncontrolled, but he could tread a carpet of dry leaves and twigs in the woods as silently as a cat. Like Jimmer, he lived on a smallholding in the enclosure.

Dave picked up his axe and a crosscut saw. "Weren't my fault we fell out that day. Buller be always looking for trouble and trying to ride us too heavy."

"Green to the job yet," Jimmer said, as they walked down the slope towards a section of tall, straight-growing oaks. "All they officials with nothing to do but ride around in cars all day, they're the cause of it. Keep bothering him about this and that and he takes it out of us afterwards."

He made an expressive noise down his nose and shifted his cigarette to the other side of his mouth with his tongue.

Under the oak trees the ground was a grey and green tangle of trimmed-off tops and branches, with here and there small heaps of freshly made piles for the new stretch of fence. Jimmer picked an oak that had been marked with a red paint spot and set it in for the fall. Dave worked on the opposite side of the butt, levelling off the projecting claws for sawing.

The morning sky was cloudless and the sun beat down on them through the branches as they swung their axes rhythmically, wood chips flicking out around their feet.

"If I approached him now," Dave said, breathing heavily, "he'd jump down my throat, like as not."

"What if he does?" Jimmer grunted. "Once he sees ye'm still set on it, he'll come round." He grinned. "Like I has to with our Mary and her boy."

Dave paused for a moment, frowning at the butt of the tree. "If only I weren't 'holden to the Commission for my house. Buller can make trouble for me if he wants, and me and Janice got to have the house else——"

"Thee's talking daft!" Jimmer straightened up, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "So long as ye works for Commission, the house is yours and nothing Buller does can put ye out of it."

Dave shook his head. "He can give me the sack."

"Talk sense, boy. Ye've got worrit and fussy as an old hen since thee took the girl serious." Jimmer's blue eyes gleamed. "Better bide single than thus!" He picked up the crosscut. "Now let's have her."

They knelt on each side of the butt and sawed steadily for a while. At the warning crack they slipped out the saw and stood back. The oak teetered for a moment, its green top leaning, then swept down, wind hissing like surf through its leaves, hitting the ground with an impact that made its whole length buck and tremble as though alive.

They trimmed off the branches, sawed the trunk into six-foot lengths and while one drove steel wedges into the sawn-off lengths, splitting them down to thick slivers of wood, the other shaved and pointed the slivers with his axe to smooth-sided piles.

By lunchtime there was a stack of piles beside them that glistened damply in the sunlight, and the blades of their axes and the palms of their hands were stained purple with oak sap.

"Getting tired of this mess," Dave said, as he looked at the indelible stain on his palms that soap and water would not remove. "Still, wear off in time when we finish."

"Ye can get it off quicker than that," Jimmer said. Then he paused as a jay screeched its sudden warning from the neighbouring plantation. "Buller, I allow."

They heard leaves and twigs crackling underfoot and two men came into view. Jimmer's eyes narrowed.

"Crundells," he said softly. "Dick and young Hal."

"Newcomers round here?"

"Reckon Buller be letting them have windfalls and leaners," Jimmer murmured. He began to whistle under his breath.

Dave leaned on his axe handle, watching the two men as they approached. They were alike as twin trees; tall and lean with tanned skin, eyes close-set under pale eyebrows, angular jaws.

"Still working for the Commission then, Jimmer," Dick Crundell said, easing his sweat-stained slouch hat off his forehead. His voice was smooth and his lips hardly moved as he spoke.

Hal Crundell crouched on his haunches, looking at the stack of freshly made piles. His thick blond hair gleamed in the sunlight and his heavy hands were restless, all the time picking up twigs and snapping them.

"Heard ye was over Martin's beat and done well," Jimmer said. "Firewood do fetch a good price now."

"All right. Not much left there now."

"Heard that, too."

Dick Crundell rubbed his stubbled cheek with a long forefinger. "There's a deal of talk gets around."

"Folk don't mind their own business," Hal Crundell put in.

Jimmer stuck his axe lightly in the oak stump. "So long's they do, nothing ain't said. Let's eat, Dave."

During the next few days the two men heard the Crundells working in other parts of the enclosure, cutting up dead firs that had been blown down or were leaning dangerously.

As they went to and from their work, they passed the Crundells' sawbench set up alongside the gravelled path, and their tractor with a timber trailer attached. On the common land outside the enclosure stood the Crundells' red caravan, smoke writhing upwards from its home-made stack.

The morning before pay-day the woodman came to count the piles made that fortnight.

"We'll check them again with thee," Jimmer said.

"There's no need."

"Shouldn't like ye to pay us too much tomorrow," Jimmer said.

Buller grunted. He was a red-faced

man whose short, powerful body seemed ill at ease in the breeches and green-cuffed jacket of a Commission official. He kicked at some piles with his foot.

"Bit scruffy, some of these." He glanced at Dave. "Not done much of this afore, have ye?"

Dave's lips tightened.

Jimmer said coolly: "Mebbe I did 'em. Ye marks scruffy trees for us, ye gets scruffy piles."

The woodman scowled and said nothing. When they reached the heap that had been made the day before, Jimmer gave a muttered exclamation. He counted rapidly, then sucked in his breath, his face puzzled.

"We're short twenty. . . ."

Buller looked at him. "Ye means——"

"We made forty apiece yesterday. There are only sixty here all told now."

"Sixty then," Buller said, writing the figures in his notebook.

Jimmer's face darkened. "And what about the other twenty?" he asked.

Buller shrugged and walked on to the next stack.

"There are only eleven rolls of wire," Dave said, coming up to them.

"Ye has a dozen," Buller said. He looked at Dave with hard eyes. "Piles are your concern. Ye gets paid for no more'n I find here. Wire is different. I got to give account for it." He looked away, tapping his thick fingers with his pencil, and muttered, as though thinking aloud: "Piles are worth two bob each outside and wire'll bring a good price——"

Jimmer's eyes narrowed. "No one ain't humping that lot without a conveyance."

"Mebbe they ain't gone far," Buller suggested unpleasantly. "Hid perhaps where someone living handy can fetch 'em after dark."

"No need to look at me like that," Dave said, his voice rising. "I know what you're trying to say."

Buller closed his notebook abruptly and thrust it in his pocket. "Be best if I come again tomorrow morning. Mebbe they'll be found by then."

The woodman looked pointedly at Dave, then turned on his heel and walked down the slope.

Dave started forward, his lips white with fury. Jimmer put out a hand.

"Bide still, boy. Ye'd be sorry later. We'll find an answer."

LATER that afternoon, Janice rested her bare arms on the handrail of the little wooden bridge that crossed the forest stream. "We'll be happy next spring, Dave," she said. "I can feel it now."

Dave watched a loose strand of hair blowing gently against her ears. For a moment there was a curious, hurt expression in his eyes. Then he took out his pouch and began to roll a cigarette.

"I know it, too, Janice," he said quietly.

Janice turned to him, still smiling. "You don't sound as though you really mean it." She put out her hand expectantly.

Dave went on shaping the tobacco. "You're imagining things, Janice," he said, without looking up. "You know how much I mean it."

"Do I?" she asked.

Dave grinned. "Seeing we've fixed on next spring, of course you do. He ran his tongue along the cigarette paper and fumbled in his pocket for matches. "It's time we went on now. I still got they cows to fetch in."

The smile faded from the girl's face, and she glanced away.

"Can't they wait another moment?"

"It often takes a good hour to find 'em out on the common and——"

"And you need have plenty of time for that. They cows is real important."

"Janice, we've got to go anyway, and

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I PITY THE POOR ENGLISHWOMAN

Her equality is a myth. She has more rights than most, but men still give her a raw deal, says an Indian girl now in England

by KAMALA PURNAIYA

I THOUGHT MYSELF the luckiest woman alive when I first came to England. It delighted me to watch the easy, un-sex-conscious mingling of men and women, the matter-of-fact association of the sexes at work and play, the way in which it was taken for granted that women were as much a part of the community as men.

Women were given equal rights and privileges as a matter of course. That was the beauty of it.

I was enraptured by it all. So would you have been, if you had grown up in the orthodox Oriental tradition of woman, the eternal giver, if you had ever felt wildly and defiantly emancipated just because you occasionally used make-up or went for a stroll without a chaperone.

After two years here, my first impressions have lost a lot of their rosy glow.

Men Get Plum Jobs

There was a time when I thought that men and women in this country have equal opportunities. Now I know that British women have to take second place to men where jobs are concerned; especially the plum jobs.

No matter how progressive the firm they work for, the male is always preferred to the female. To qualify for a higher-paid, more congenial and less routine job, a woman must be outstanding.

Admittedly, if she *is* outstanding, the woman will be given her chance. Men have triumphantly quoted to me the names of highly successful women executives, barristers and members of parliament. But to suggest that, because a few have risen to the top, their sisters as a whole have equal opportunities with men is nonsensical.

One girl, working in a large firm as secretary to one of the directors, told me: "I started here at eighteen, and they tell me they couldn't do without me now; but I am still waiting for that 'responsible position' I was promised when I joined eight years ago."

Girls just don't get the chance of advancement and preferment. Certain types of routine work — as clerks, typists, secretaries, canteen workers, shop assistants, telephone operators— have been made their exclusive preserve (thus keeping open the more interesting jobs for men). The jobs require little initiative and provide less satisfaction.

Why the discrimination? I do not know. Women seem to me as intelligent and keen as men—until work which is unsuited to their hopes and capabilities saps their zest and ambition.

If what I say seems to be compounded more of warmth than reason, consider the reaction to the cigarette shortage.

No sooner did it become serious than women were told they should give up smoking. Not, mark you, for any such laudible motive as to save dollars, or money to spend on their own clothes, but *simply so that the men should have more.*

I will agree that smoking is a nervous addiction, a drain on one's income, a minor vice. But why is it these things only when indulged in by women? Why does smoking *for men*, become a necessity, a justifiable expense, a nerve-soother, a production booster? Is it because there are two kinds of justice—one for men and another for women?

The newspaper which recently suggested that women should smoke less was not advocating something quite out of the question. It was merely voicing the views of its male readers, as most newspapers do.

The attitude is not peculiar to Britain. There is an international masculine conspiracy to protect the privileges of men.

The Englishman who will not, in practice, allow his womenfolk equal status with himself is no more than a modified version of the German who confines his women to the kitchen; the Japanese who has evolved a tortuous formula to keep his women in subjection; the Indian who expects his wife and daughter to treat him as a god; or the Turk who, until restrained by a far-sighted ruler, was happy to see his women trapped, veiled and cloistered, while he himself enjoyed the fullest freedom.

Feminine equality is a myth. Outside a few trades, where can a woman claim equal payment for equal work?

Camouflaging the Issue

The problem is obscured by all sorts of irrelevant issues: the greater financial responsibilities of married men; the social convention by which men treat their women companions; even the seldom-expressed but widely-held view that women are obviously inferior creatures.

But the question still remains: is it, or is it not, fair to pay the same rate for the same job, irrespective of whether the recipient is a man or a woman?

Consider that most important aspect of a woman's life—her marriage. The couple enter into what is ostensibly an equal partnership. In practice, the partnership is divided into the pleasant tasks and the unpleasant ones. I leave you to guess which are the woman's.

The virtuous wage-earner comes home at the end of the day to relax in what he claims is his justly earned leisure, while his wife fetches and carries for him. He shows no sign of appreciating that her day has been equally strenuous, less varied and interesting, and made up of smaller, less creative tasks, and therefore more wearying.

"Here," said a man to whom I expounded this argument, "speaks the modern woman, devoid of the graces of womanhood, unnaturally lacking in maternal instinct, a repulsive product of the times."

I had heard it all before in India, where I had seen the wholesale subjugation of women to men. In this country, where I had expected so much more, it was painful to be confronted with the same shameless male hypocrisy.

Where does the "grace of womanhood" come in? Does a lifetime of scrubbing pans, or filling large cavities in men's socks impart it? Or washing and cooking while the husband does the eating or romps with the children?

How many women do *you* know who can sit still and relax for even a little while without a sense of guilt? Men argue that women who do not like the system should not marry. The answer, apart from economic considerations, is simple: marriage is as necessary to a woman's physical well-being as it is to a man's.

Morals Vary, Too

Yet the morals of marriage vary. There is one set for the woman, another for the man. Chastity is extolled as the mark of the virtuous woman; little time is spent in impressing the importance of chastity on the man. There is almost universal tolerance for his shortcomings. I am not advocating profligacy, but consistency.

The more I consider the treatment of women, the more ill-tempered I become. The dozens of minor vexations, each small in itself, all adding up to something of sizable import.

Women must keep their hair bright, their smiles dazzling, their eyes sparkling; men may safely become bald, toothless and bat-eyed. Women must smell nice at all times; men may smell of anything at all (and indeed have successfully persuaded women that stale tobacco is a wholly desirable "mannish" sort of smell). Women must at all costs preserve their figures; men may comfortably slide into chronic corpulence.

Corsets, high heels, hobble skirts, curlers—all are expressly designed by men for women. The male rejoinder is: women like them. But haven't the men been trading a little too long on their ability to make dupes out of women?

I would not barter an Englishwoman's status, which now is mine, at any price; nor would I exchange her way of life for any other. But that does not prevent me from seeing that the Englishwoman's rights and privileges are still far less than the Englishman's—and from being dissatisfied with them until true equality is won.

BACK GARDEN BLEND

Six thousand spare-time gardeners this year will put their produce in their pipes and smoke it. They're pioneers of a movement that can afford to laugh at the tobacco shortage

OUR TAX-GATHERERS HAVE conspired for centuries to suppress the fact that the tobacco plant will yield a generous, tropical leaf even in a patchy British summer—and that *some* kind of a smoke can always be made from it.

But as the tobacco famine grew worse last year some gardeners began to rediscover the truth that tobacco is well-named "The Weed." It grows like one; it's as rank as a marrow and as ambitious as a sunflower. They dried some of their home-grown leaf and tried it.

Mostly it was the wrong plant, a rank cigar tobacco, badly cured. But the growers found it *cheap*. They puffed away in pubs and gardens with some of the feelings of story-book smugglers.

For their treasured stores of a few withered brown leaves were contraband.

Customs men could have compelled them to destroy the lot, or pay a duty of more than fifty shillings for every pound weight, with heavy penalties for default.

Perhaps this piratical "Potting Shed Mixture" saved Britain a few dollars. Maybe it did not lessen appreciably the demand for proprietary tobacco. But it did lead to the Customs circulating a whisper last January that, for the time being, they would wink an eye at back-garden tobacco growing.

This was the signal that many more law-abiding citizens had waited for.

Bert Gocher was typical of thousands. Every week one of the pound notes from his wage packet disappeared in smoke. £50 a year! At one time the thought simply made him light up yet another cigarette, to soothe his nerves. Today he surveys his homegrown tobacco and estimates again how much it may save him in the coming twelve months.

Butcher is a Planter

I went to see Bert's fifty plants. With leaves as wide and nearly twice as long as this page, they stood chin-high in the garden behind the Gocher butchery at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, where Bert works for his uncle.

Tobacco seed is black stuff something like coarse snuff. There are about three hundred thousand seeds to the ounce. Bert sowed his Virginia in a box in April and put it in a cucumber house to germinate. He potted the seedlings in the cooler climate of a tomato house and later transferred them to a cold frame.

About the time that other gardeners put out their tomatoes, he set out the tobacco. His tomatoes cringed in the cold, but the tobacco thrived. He nipped out the sideshoots, and at the end of July removed the blooms and some of the coarser lower leaves.

Saving ten good leaves on each plant, he planned to gather the top five for cigarettes, the lower five for pipe smoking.

Tobacco is ripe to pick when the tip is yellowing and the rest is speckled. It should feel gummy and the flesh should crack when the leaf is bent at a right-angle.

Bert's own curing methods are as simple as he can make them. He hangs the leaf to dry in a greenhouse, lighting a sawdust fire beneath it if the weather turns wet. The attic of a centrally heated house would probably make just as good a "kiln." The danger to watch for is mildew, arising from damp.

As an alternative, he treats some of the dried leaf with a thin "sauce" of rum and water and puts bundles of it under pressure to mature. "A pile of books, or the weight of the piano will do."

The longer tobacco matures the better it tastes. Nothing can make good tobacco out of bad leaf. But the right curing process can do the same kind of thing to a good sample as a clever chef does to a steak. The problem is to match up successfully your soil, leaf, treatments and personal taste in tobacco.

There are scores of varieties of tobacco, many with fancy names and prodigious pedigrees. Light cigarette types include Virginian Golds, Orientals, Yellow Leafs and Burleys. Kentuckys, Havanas, French and Italians, and Green Rusticas are heavier, suitable for the pipe. Between these extremes come Rhodesians, Canadians, Light Pryors and Yellow Rusticas for either cigarettes or shag.

There are dozens of ways of drying, fermenting, curing. Rum, honey, fruit juices, glycerine, liquorice, molasses, demerara sugar are some of the ingredients of the "sauces" to give the smoke that extra flavour. Blending, maturing and shredding complete the raw leaf's change into something that may turn out rich—or strange.

Upsetting for Wives . . .

It's only too easy to make something that smells like a bonfire and upsets even the most long-suffering of wives. A National Amateur Tobacco Growers' Association acts as a clearing house for tobacco lore. Last August Bank Holiday a coach load of fifty members called to inspect Bert Gocher's "plantation."

The most active spirit in the association is an Essex parson: the Reverend Hugh Cuthbertson, vicar of Tilty Abbey, near Dunmow, a cleric with a flair for things that land him in the headlines. He protests that the Amateur Tobacco Association almost started itself.

It was this way. He grew some tobacco in his garden in 1947 and cured it by a simple process of fermentation taught him by a visiting Sinhalese priest. He offered the secret of this recipe through the *Dunmow Deanery Magazine* to anyone who would subscribe towards restoring Tilty Church. Early this year a London evening newspaper picked up the item and headlined it "Vicar Offers His Tobacco Recipe—5s."

In a few weeks the postman brought five-bob letters to the vicarage totalling £200. Cuthbertson wrote to the first six hundred correspondents asking them if they wanted an association. They did; so did several thousand subsequent inquirers.

"If we are to be a true democracy of the pipe," ruled the vicar, "old age pensioners must be as free to join as kings." A meeting fixed the annual subscription at half a crown and resolved that it should be a no-profit association.

Lighthouse Keeper Joined

Members sent their half-crowns from as far away as the Orkneys, even including the keeper of the Cantick Head Lighthouse.

In its early stages such an organization always involves a huge amount of honorary work. I found Cuthbertson's study at Tilty Vicarage smothered with letters and card indexes; makeshift shelves and desks were piled high with pamphlets, postcards and envelopes. In one corner Mrs. Cuthbertson sat at a table, opening and answering post. Next to the fireplace was a camp bed where her husband dosses down for an hour when he has worked too late into the night to go to bed.

Letters come addressed: "Baccy Parson, England." A baronet wrote that on receipt of Cuthbertson's curing recipe he gave up smoking. There was

Bert Gocher in Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, "leaf shed." Sawdust fires will help to dry green leaves.—*John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp*

by John May

more joy in the vicarage over one special convert than over ninety-nine ordinary volunteers; "I should be very glad to help as organizer," this one wrote. "*I am a retired Customs man.*"

As an antidote to get-rich-quick opportunists who try to cash in on the amateur tobacco boom, the association is pumping out a flood of sound bulletins, priced sixpence and under. They deal with "Curing Processes," "How to Save Your Own Seed," "Cigars," "The Sailor's Way (illustrated)," "Sauces and Flavours," and so on.

Eighteen questions in a four-page form devoted to a "Survey of Tobacco, 1948" deal with soils, seedbeds, varieties and manures. The answers from members will be collated into practical advice for next year. Professional blenders and curers have offered advice. Inventor members have designed a press and a shredder soon to be marketed.

Swapping Surplus Plants

The association runs a seed and a plant pool scheme so that members with surplus supplies can pass them on. Now it is organizing a real exchange plan for better blending.

Headquarters is putting neighbouring growers in touch with one another. There is a buttonhole badge for members. Local secretaries are urgently needed.

Each branch is planned to consist of a score of growers. There will be about three hundred branches, with probably a total membership this year of some six thousand growers.

The vicarage has already become a research centre for the association. The resident technical adviser is a young Dutchman, leader of a tobacco growing movement in Holland during the Nazi occupation. He is experimenting with forty different varieties.

"One hardy set of seed came to us by pure luck from Persia," Cutherbertson told me. "Someone just back in England shook out some clothes in his Berkshire garden eight years ago, and the tobacco has grown there like an annual weed ever since, defying the hardest spring frosts.

"What is this plant going to do if I marry it to a White Burley, a Blue Pryor or an Orinoco Yellow? Out of our British soil and climate there may yet come a sterling tobacco which can flourish inside our import barriers as never before—for the benefit of the man in the street."

"Oldest Underground Movement"

The association has blossomed lustily, but it is rooted precariously in one slender sentence of twenty words uttered in the House of Commons on April 27: "Amateur attempts to grow small amounts of tobacco for personal consumption will for the present be allowed to proceed freely."

This permission to "break the law" is a questionable arrangement. If the movement becomes too successful I fear it may bring down a tax upon itself.

And plainly, having once given the concession, the Commissioners of Customs and Excise may find it hard to stamp out amateur tobacco.

"Back-garden tobacco growing is Britain's oldest underground movement," says Cuthbertson.

Mere growing is only a beginning, however. Bert Gocher and other members will put the final and vital factor to the test next January at the association's annual competition for cured leaf. The proof of the plant is in the pipe.

What will decide the future of back-garden 'bacca is how well it smokes.

Designer Peter Berthon (left) and Raymond Mays, at Bourne, Lincolnshire. Painting behind is of Mays in E.R.A.

Two men in a hurry

One designs, one drives. Their cars might put Britain laps ahead in the world's racing car market ● *by Dennis Holman*

WHEN BRITAIN'S FIRST postwar Grand Prix is held on Saturday at Silverstone, Northamptonshire, the promoters are hoping that a crowd of one hundred thousand, biggest ever in the history of the sport, will witness the race.

Most of the international aces will be there, including probably the Italian Alfa-Romeo team, with the fastest road racing cars in the world

Whatever happens, a British car stands little chance in this race, the most important to be held in this country for twenty years. Britain will be represented only by elderly racing cars which, while good enough to win races before the war, are now outclassed by the modern Italian cars.

It had been hoped that Britain's "national" racing car, the B.R.M. project, which is backed by many sections of the motor industry, and which has high Board of Trade priority for materials, would show its paces in the Grand Prix. But the new car, on which our hopes in the future will depend, will not be ready for at least a year.

More than Just a Sport

International Grand Prix racing has always been much more than a popular sport for the elite.

Away from the spectators cheering on the vivid cigars on wheels, the speed duels were followed in earnest by the firms which made the cars and, higher up, by the governments that had sponsored them.

The events fostered intense national rivalry, with economic repercussions that involved millions. In the world market a win was considered the finest advertisement for the nation's product.

This year, for instance, Britain has secured huge successes in sports car events on the Continent, which in turn has helped our record car export trade.

Until the war, motor racing in this country was confined to Brooklands, Donington and the Crystal Palace, plus a few hill-climbs; but it was limited and carried little more than active fan support. British drivers were moneyed enthusiasts; their rivalry was personal and for their own glory.

Faster and Faster

Speed kings, like Campbell, Eyston and Cobb built incredible monsters that they drove faster and faster each year by the comparatively simple means of piling more and more power on to four wheels. But their Bluebirds, Thunderbolts and Railtons did not conform to official specifications as racing cars.

Grand Prix entrants had to conform to a formula fixed by international agreement. Size and weight could not exceed the limits agreed upon. Speed then became the test of workmanship and performance over a long, tough course—the guarantee of endurance and serviceability.

A racing car required solid financial backing, and few of our individualistic manufacturers were ready to sink capital without tangible profits for their shareholders.

The amazing thing is that a first-class racer did appear at all.

This was the E.R.A., a forerunner of the coming British national car, the B.R.M. The E.R.A. made a sudden and dramatic hit in the events of 1936. It was produced by English Racing Automobiles, a tiny company that pitted its skill against the big Government-sponsored German and Italian motor industries.

Three men were behind its phenomenal success: Raymond Mays, a well-known racing driver who also owned a wool business, Peter Berthon, ex-R.A.F. pilot and car designer, and Humphrey Cook, millionaire draper, who foresaw a big future for British racing cars.

The outcome was English Racing Automobiles, formed in 1934; the three men of E.R.A. shook hands and drank to the new venture. Mays and Berthon undertook to produce something new in racing cars; Cook would pay for it.

They set about the job with enthusiasm, but the creation of a racing car from scratch was a big assignment.

The components had all to be ordered individually, assembled, then bench-tested in the tool shed at Bourne, where Mays had his business and lived. It was some time before the first of the E.R.A.s was ready for the track. But it proved itself. In 1935, Mays climbed into his E.R.A. to challenge Whitney Straight's record hill climb of forty seconds. He took it easily.

Victory at Monaco

And in April, 1936, E.R.A.s won a great victory over the Monaco Grand Prix course—a 1.98-mile round-the-houses circuit with ten corners per lap and considered to be one of the hardest on man and machine in the world.

The race was the Prince Rainier Cup, a curtain raiser to the Grand Prix and run over half the distance—fifty laps (ninety-nine miles) instead of a hundred laps. E.R.A.s finished first, second, third

and fifth, the winner being "B. Bira" at 52.99 m.p.h.

Three E.R.A.s did it again as spectacularly in the Grand Prix de Picardy. The next year (1937) another series of wins followed, while the personal rivalry between Mays and the Siamese Prince Birabongse, also driving an E.R.A., gave the British product a sudden burst of publicity and prestige.

Then the bubble burst. In 1939 Mays fell out with Humphrey Cook, who withdrew his support. Only twenty E.R.A.s were built, and the effort, Cook said, cost him an excessive amount. Upholding British prestige, he felt, was something he could not afford alone.

Soon after, the war put the sport out of the news.

Berthon went into a shadow factory in France. Later he worked on jets and on Sherman tanks. As for Mays, all he could do about motor racing was dream of it and plan a new racer with Berthon while circularizing the motor firms with his ideas.

But when the war ended and the industry switched over to peacetime production, Mays reopened his case.

He argued that it was about time the industry as a whole produced a national racing car to represent it in Grand Prix events as an example of British engineering. If the cost of producing a racing car were shared by all who would reap the benefits of its success, the contributions would represent only a slight increase on each separate firm's bill for advertising.

The idea clicked. Mays sold it to the makers of practically every motor component.

Large and small they promised to back him and to build parts for the new car to Berthon's design. The outcome was the firm called British Racing Motors. Its job was to turn out an all-British racing car powerful enough to run for a place in an international Grand Prix.

Cripps Helped, Too

To handle the finance Mays founded the British Motor Research Trust. For actual assembly and completion of the cars, Mays created yet another firm, Automobile Developments, Ltd. Sir Stafford Cripps gave his blessing and a promise of priorities and licenses.

For two people with such a vital common interest, Berthon and Mays are a partnership of temperamental opposites. Berthon is shrewd and steady-going, meticulous and punctual. He is a solid citizen, with a wife and a daughter.

Mays is a tall, elegant bachelor of forty-seven, who dresses colourfully and for effect. Like a lot of racing drivers he is highly strung and jumpy, but at high speeds his nerves are dead steady. He plays hard but is abstemious and careful about keeping fit.

Bourne at present is the scene of much enthusiastic activity. Automobile Developments, Ltd., is located in an old malting adjacent to Mays's garage business behind his home, where the B.R.M. still exists only as a sort of mechanical jigsaw puzzle for which fresh pieces arrive every day in the morning post.

Just when it is expected to make its début in a Grand Prix, both Mays and Berthon are equally vague. "If things go smoothly, according to plan," Mays says, "we might expect to have one of the cars ready within a few months. The Government has been most helpful by pushing through licences and priorities; but we can't expect results immediately.

"With a little luck," he concludes, hopefully, "I think we'll have plenty of speed for export to the Continent early in the 1950s."

OAK PURPLE: Continued from page 9

you know I always fetch them in about now."

Janice bit her lip and said nothing. They left the bridge and walked towards the woodman's cottage, where she lived with her father. Dave glanced at her unhappily. He touched her arm.

"If it's sommat I said to upset you, I never meant it like that."

"I know that, Dave. But you didn't used to fuss so over a few minutes."

"You're not being reasonable, Janice."

"I'm being honest. But you're hiding something from me. You're worried. I've known it for a long time, but you won't ever tell me. I keep thinking now we've fixed everything you aren't so certain and—and perhaps you don't want me now like you used to——" She stopped and turned to him, twisting her hands together. "Oh, Dave. It's not knowing. I can stand anything but not knowing what you're really thinking any more!"

Dave stared at her. Then he saw the tears starting to her eyes and his mouth twisted up in anguish.

"Janice!"

His voice was unsteady and he took her in his arms almost fiercely, pressing her head against his shoulder. She began to cry quietly.

All the words he wanted to say seemed to tangle in his mind, and he stared helplessly over her head at the familiar wooded scene, the forest he loved, feeling suddenly uprooted, almost as though he no longer belonged to it.

HE thought of the following morning and unconsciously gripped the girl's arm tighter, bitter at the injustice that he could not explain to her because her own father was responsible. He breathed deeply and shook his head a little.

"Janice, there's nothing on my mind—nothing. Truly."

He put his hand under her chin and tilted her face up, smiling. She blinked the tears from her eyes.

"And you aren't changed at all?" she said slowly. "You're still certain you——"

"Janice girl. . . ."

Dave took her face between his hands, looking at her for a long moment. Then he bent down and kissed her tenderly.

When the woodman came the next morning, Jimmer was sitting on a log, sharpening his axe. Dave smoked a cigarette, staring at the heap of wood shavings round his feet.

"Well?" Buller said abruptly, as though he had walked up the slope with the word on his tongue.

Jimmer spat copiously on his whetstone and applied it with practised fingers.

"Nothing ain't changed since ye was here," he said.

"A pity." Buller looked belligerently from one man to the other. "That wire's got to be found."

"And they piles," Jimmer murmured.

Buller glared at him. Then he swung round on Dave. "Have ye looked at all?"

"We ain't got no time on piece work," Dave said logically.

"No? If it mattered enough ye'd come back of an evening, wouldn't ye? Too busy then, I suppose."

There was an unmistakable sneer in the woodman's last words and Dave flushed. He said heavily:

"I got cattle and land to tend after——"

"And time to waste with that girl of mine! I see'd thee out walking together last evening."

"There ain't nothing wrong in that," Dave said heatedly.

"I say there is." The woodman's voice rose harshly. "Ye can bide away from Janice in the future, see? No girl of mine be going with the likes of ye——"

Dave's eyes blazed. "Meaning?"

"I give ye your chance and ye didn't take it. If ye'd been up here looking last night I'd have said nothing more. But ye wasn't, because it didn't matter to ye, did it? And I can tell ye why."

Buller paused, his red face mottled with anger. Then he snarled: "Because ye didn't want them found!"

There was a silence. Then Jimmer said deliberately: "I've heard woodmen say many daft things in thirty year'n more, but thee just says the daftest. Better think again, Mister Buller."

The woodman's eyes narrowed. "Stay out of this and keep a civil tongue in your head," he warned roughly.

Jimmer stood up.

"Me and the boy works together. Why ain't ye picked on me?"

His lips twisted scornfully at the other's hesitation, and he said curtly: "Thee's made a fine mess on it with th' cussedness. Best come along with us now."

Jimmer pocketed his whetstone and turned away. Dave glanced at him in surprise, a quick gleam of hope in his eyes.

"Ye'd better explain——" Buller began, with a bewildered scowl.

"Ye'll get it soon enough," Jimmer said. "Coming?"

The woodman's mouth opened angrily, then he closed it with a muffled exclamation and followed the old labourer down the slope. Jimmer saw the puzzled question in Dave's eyes and he grinned.

"Follow my lead, boy," he murmured.

Dave nodded.

They came to the middle of the pine plantation, in sight of the main gravelled path, and Jimmer held up a warning hand.

"Tread soft."

There was a murmur of voices a little to their left and the sound of metal tapping on metal.

Treading with practised skill, the three men moved forward until the voices were recognizable, but the speakers hidden by the close-growing trees. Jimmer held up his hand again, then looked at Buller over his shoulder.

"Bide still till thee hears what ye wants to know."

The woodman's lips tightened, but he said nothing. . . .

The Crundells were standing by their tractor when Dave and Jimmer, treading normally, came out on to the gravelled path. Hal Crundell was tinkering with the engine, his father lighting a blackened pipe. They watched the two men approach in silence. Jimmer's face was expressionless. Dave thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Fine morning," Jimmer said.

Dick Crundell nodded and puffed at his pipe.

"Come down to see if ye knew the time."

"Nigh on one, I allow."

Jimmer looked round slowly, at the trailer piled high with sawn-up logs, the sawdust scattered by the bench.

"Doing well?"

"All right."

"Fir don't fetch much."

"Any wood sells these days."

Jimmer nodded. "Oak and beech be better."

"They won't let us have it here. Sold already to another party."

Jimmer's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Reckon ye bin handling green oak when I sees the stain on your hands."

DICK CRUNDELL stiffened and stood very still. Hal Crundell glanced down at his hands. Relief showed on his face for an instant, then he looked up unconcerned. But Jimmer had caught the momentary expression and his blue eyes gleamed.

"Ye've queer sight," Dick Crundell said slowly. He held out his hands. Hal did the same.

There was no purple on them.

"Mebbe your boy wasn't so certain," Jimmer murmured. "Thought perhaps he left some of it on."

"Talk careful, Jimmer," Dick Crundell warned. "Ye knows oak stain don't come off for days."

"I know more'n that, Crundell—same as you. What'll fetch it off quick."

He pulled out of his pocket some crumpled and broken stalks from which the juice had been squeezed.

"Found them thrown out by the caravan before we come this morning. Spinach don't grow wild, Crundell. Should've left them in the garden ye pinched 'em from."

Dick Crundell glared at Jimmer in sudden fury. "That ain't no proof."

"Ye knows what we're talking about then?" Jimmer's lips twitched. "Ye only gets the piles and wire after we go, night afore last. Ye must've used the trailer. Now she's piled high with logs. Wonder what's under they logs, Dave?"

Dave grinned. "Soon find out——"

Dick Crundell said thickly: "Leave things be. Ye got no right——"

Dave moved in front of him, his hands on his belt. "Going to stop us?"

Dick Crundell looked away, flustered, and muttered: "There's good money for them as minds their own business. . . ."

"Pity you don't practise what you preach," Buller said grimly, stepping out of the plantation a short way from them. "You two have had all the wood you'll get from Commission now."

He nodded at Jimmer and said gruffly: "Better get they logs off the trailer."

When the missing piles and wire were exposed underneath, Buller stared at them in silence. He glanced at Dave and looked down at the piles again. He scratched his chin uncomfortably.

"Reckon some things was said too hasty," he mumbled. "Be best if they're forgotten."

Dave hesitated for a moment, then he nodded.

A thought struck the woodman and he turned to Jimmer with a spurt of irritation.

"Ye could have said about the spinach first thing."

Jimmer winked at Dave and glanced at the Crundells, standing sullenly by their saw bench.

"Not I. Be only some I bring wi' me for Dave to clean up dinner time. He ain't got none in his garden."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

MICHAEL CRITCHLOW painted this week's cover at Richmond ice rink, Surrey. "The mass of whirling colour was irresistible to me," he says. "While the youngsters flashed by in brilliant sweaters, the older generation glided sedately among them like characters from a Victorian Christmas card. As for the kiddies, they liked their ice just as well internally!"

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FREE SPEECH

★ *Factory workers penalized for high production*
★ *"Elegance" makes inroads on white-collar salary*
★ *Army huts from first war still used as homes*

AT THE FACTORY where I am employed, production for the last few weeks has been excellent. As a special reward, women and girls of the packing section have been told that they can leave at noon on Saturdays, instead of 2 p.m.

This news was received with delight—until it was realized that the two hours would be counted at overtime rates of pay, so that in leaving earlier these workers would lose three hours' pay, about five shillings.

We consider this a very poor "reward" for our extra efforts to increase production, and feel that this sort of treatment may be responsible for keeping down production in other industries.—WORKER, Todmorden, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Up or Down?

VINCENT BROME'S ARTICLE "He's Moved Up One" (JOHN BULL, September 11) about the engine driver who has become an office worker raises several interesting points.

If the engine driver has in fact "moved up" at all he has graduated into the hardest-hit section of the community today. I am a white-collar worker, too, and I continually regret that I was not taught to earn my living in the ranks of the more highly organized workers.

The engine driver's new-found sartorial splendour will no doubt be a pleasant novelty for him; but to maintain this elegance he will have to make inroads on his salary.—N. FIELDING, 153 Wyld Way, Wembley, Middlesex.

Condemned—But It's Lived In

P. Davies

AN ORDINARY Welsh working man, I am one of many who have to live in second-hand Army huts from the first World War. There is no drainage system and the sewage is disposed of in the "garden," which is eight yards square. The walls of the bedroom are of asbestos-lined wood, and in damp weather the bed is covered with mildew. There is no electricity or gas.

We have had to live in these conditions for twenty-two years, despite the fact that the house has been condemned as unfit for human habitation since 1936.—P. DAVIES, 22 Heol y Bwlch, Bynea, Llanelly, Carms, South Wales.

Would Tend Enemy Graves...

AS AN EX-SERVICEMAN, my conscience pricked me on reading in "Final Epitaph" by Peter Sleigh (JOHN BULL, September 4), that the graves of German soldiers were left to be tended by just one volunteer.

Nauseating as their beliefs were, these men died for them. The dead speak no language. They are beyond racial hatred. I, for one, could tend a German grave, happy in the remembrance of One who bade us "Love one another."—HARRY H. BRINDLEY, 57 Pelsall Lane, Rushall, near Walsall, Staffs.

...But Germans Didn't

THE GERMANS, of course, were great respecters of war graves! In Rotterdam, where I lived before I came to England two years ago, there is a graveyard where many shot-down Allied airmen were buried.

When the Dutch people began to bring flowers to the graves, the Germans had the bodies removed and put in odd corners. Later, when flowers again appeared on these graves, the bodies were again exhumed and put into a mass grave.

The French do at least allow the bodies to rest in peace, and do not prevent the German volunteer from tending the graves.—MRS. H. L. WATERS, 257 Normanton Road, Derby.

Poppies All One Size?

WHILE AGREEING WITH much of what the Rev. W. E. Purcell wrote in his article "There's Still Room for Charity" (JOHN BULL, September 11), I feel that charity perpetuates class distinctions.

When people give with a good heart there should be no different standards of recognition, such as are shown on Remembrance Day. The widow's mite should receive the same size poppy as the rich man's pound.—GEORGE HACKETT, New Road, Armitage, Staffs.

Caesarian Operation Was Right...

AN EXPECTANT MOTHER myself, I entirely disagree with Mrs. K. Mihill, who wrote (JOHN BULL, September 18) asking by whose right a baby was delivered by Caesarian operation after its mother had been killed in an accident.

I, for one, shouldn't want my months of happiness, preparation and discomfort to be wasted. Taking the long view, procreation is our purpose. We are born, we spin out our years in the daily rounds of trivialities, and, if we die childless, there is little left to testify to our lives.

"Quite right to allow Caesarian operation," says Mrs. Keay, herself an expectant mother

Since I knew that I was going to have a baby, I have spent far fewer sleepless nights trying to decide the meaning of life. We live again in our children. Surely, the woman who would wish her unborn child to die with her is a most unnatural mother.—MRS. K. KEAY, Bath Road, Reading, Berks.

...It's a Disgrace

IT IS A DISGRACE to Christianity that such a revolting and nauseating act of delivering a child from a dead or dying mother should be allowed.

What would be the feelings of the baby should it survive to be an adult? Science is far too busy interfering with the laws of nature.—WALTER LONGSHAW, 5 Chapel Street, Horwich, near Bolton, Lancs.

Not Just Advice

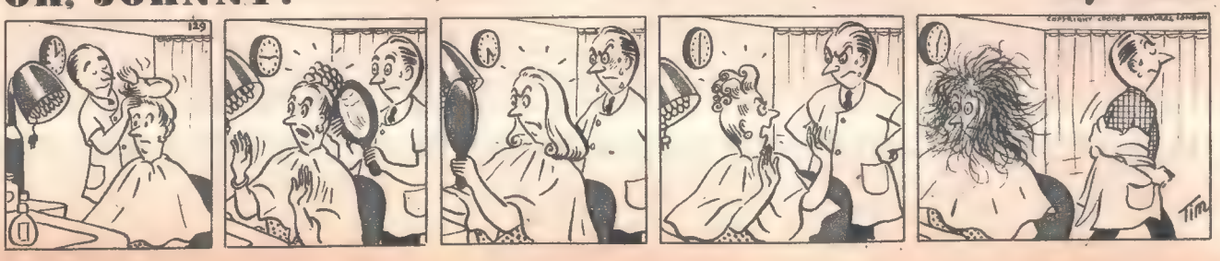
MY GRATEFUL THANKS to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. I have just received official notification from the Ministry of Pensions that following the representations made by you on my behalf, they will grant me the arrears of pension from July, 1946.

There is no question that without your aid my appeal would have failed. Now I'm able to clear up my debts and a heavy load of worry has gone from my shoulders. Most important of all, you have saved my marriage from probable disaster, as owing to our financial worries we were becoming very snappy and quick tempered. I can never thank you enough.—GRATEFUL, Hounslow, Middlesex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



P.S.

On the Duke of Windsor

CONGRATULATIONS TO Claud Morris for his article "Is There a Job for the Duke of Windsor?" (JOHN BULL, September 11). With his diplomatic and commercial experience, up-to-date ideas and dogged insistence, the Duke is capable of holding down any of a dozen good jobs in Britain's service.—*F. H. Lloyd, 510 Chester Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.*

GIVEN THE best opportunity in the world to serve his country, Windsor threw it away. He was a mature man when he made the decision. Let him stick to it.—*Mrs. V. M. T., York.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

WHY CAN'T the Duke make a job for himself? He has plenty of money and enough time on his hands to allow him to make a start on a few of the world's problems such as displaced persons, orphans, people who wish to emigrate, etc.—*R. M. Clarke, Jasmine, Hurn Road, Christchurch, Hants.*

WHY PORTRAY a man as a hero who would rather forgo his noble heritage than discipline his personal desires? What an example he set his people! The brother who succeeded him was the hero.—*Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, 25 Stockton Lane, York.*

WHILE BRITAIN is a home from home for all foreign royal waifs and strays, a member of our own Royal Family must stay away. Can you wonder that British ways puzzle the rest of the world?—*W. Young, 23 Hookstone Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks.*

NO RIGHT-THINKING person thought any the less of him for his abdication. To most of us it provided further proof of a steadfast and courageous nature.—*William Lyall, 22 Leafield Avenue, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.*

WITH HIS WIDE experience of Empire matters, the Duke is far too valuable a man to be lost to his country. The world is too serious a place now for eighteenth-century conventions.—*Mrs. Grace L. Maskew, 31 Gilston Road, London, S.W.10.*

THE DUKE and Lord Mountbatten have much in common. They would form a perfect combination interpreting Britain's policy to the world.—*J. L. Boddy, 11 Effingham Road, London, S.E.12.*

HE HAS LOST our confidence. Years ago he promised the starving unemployed in the derelict towns of Wales that he would stand by them and right their wrongs. Then, he just abdicated.—*L. Q. Foulger, 96 Forest Road, Torquay Devon.*

PEOPLE SEEKING acceptance and happiness in any society must observe the rules. The Duke's marriage made his acceptance in this country impossible.—*W. T. Wardale, 31 Hastings Road, Sheffield, 7.*

THOSE WHO forecast an early break-up of his marriage and gleefully sat back to wait are still waiting. It's time we welcomed him home.—*S. L., London, N.14.* (*Full name and address enclosed*).

MEN HAVE BEEN forgiven for greater crimes than that of sticking to the women they loved. The working class would welcome both him *and* his wife.—*Mrs. Elizabeth North, 11 Lennard Road, Penge, London, S.E.20.*

"Territorials?—I've had some!"

by GEORGE WORDSWORTH

An ex-"terrier" tells why he won't join again. If we're to build an effective army, his criticisms must be faced

I AM ONE OF THE PEOPLE the Territorial Army is looking for. I am an ex-territorial, with six years' war service, one wound stripe, and experience as a warrant officer in the Signals and a subaltern in the infantry.

I am quite prepared to go into another war, but not as a member of the Territorial Army. Since that also represents the viewpoint of many other ex-territorials, I think it is worth saying, even though it may sound slighting to the memory of the thousands of us who fought so gallantly.

For many besides myself, the Territorial Army died in more senses than one on the beaches of Dunkirk. It was the shambles to which, we discovered, the preceding months and years of T.A. "training" had logically and inexorably led.

With a dozen others I squatted in the sand, dodging bombs. Each time we tried to queue for the boats we were shooed away. We didn't know our serial number.

Because I was a corporal, just two white stripes on a battledress blouse, I went to a colonel and told him we had no officers, no serial number and no means of getting away. He put his head in his hands, said: "Oh, my God, isn't it terrible!" and began to cry.

It was around this time that I decided I should never again want to have anything to do with the Territorial Army.

I had joined the T.A. soon after Munich. Two friends joined with me. Our motives were, I think, one hundred per cent patriotic and altruistic. Contact with the local territorial unit soon flushed that nonsense out of our systems. We fell into step. Drills were things one had to do to qualify for a bounty at the end of the year. All it meant was answering one's name once or twice a week.

Evenings in the Bar

On Tuesdays I drove to the barracks and had a couple of beers with the sergeant behind the canteen bar. He would recite what was "on" that evening, and I would pick a class for myself.

I would find two n.c.o.s trying to instruct twenty-five potential wireless operators. Not many of the pupils were interested in the instruction; few of the instructors were qualified to give it. Soon everybody drifted out into the bar where the instructors were bought drinks.

Since the officers drank in their own bar and never supervised classes, there was no contact between them and the men they were due to lead in battle.

Instruction was given by Permanent Staff Instructors. I would estimate that fifty per cent of them had previously been unsatisfactory junior n.c.o.s in Regular Army units. They were now holding ranks up to Warrant Officer, Class Two.

Their parent units were happy to get rid of them; they were happy to get the promotion; we were content to be "instructed" by such easy-going and affable types. They had no disciplinary powers. They hoped the men would feel bound by honour to observe ranks. They knew that, if they asked their squads to do anything inconvenient, the answer would be: "Come off it, Serg, this ain't the Regular Army."

They were not unduly bothered by this state of affairs. "Takes a bit of time to get used to the T.A. system of course."

We did our training in the bar every week, and went to camp in August. We collected our bounty, to be spent on more beer, and the officers buckled on their sword-belts. "Learned my sword-drill from a Guards R.S.M., old boy."

Place for girls, too, in modern T.A. But discipline must be stricter

In the middle of this, war was declared and we were embodied as a fighting unit. We had the equipment and enthusiasm necessary to fight another Crimean War. Nothing later.

We embarked for France. Our stores and technical equipment were archaic and deficient. Personal clothing was at a bare minimum. Like most of the others, I had one suit of battledress, no anklets, no greatcoat and no blankets. On the quayside in France I slept on coffee sacks.

From the port we had to drive our trucks a couple of hundred miles into France. My section had twelve trucks and twelve driver-operators. But, owing to the T.A. system of unit testing, only four of the driver-operators (all receiving trade pay) could actually drive.

You may think that four drivers can drive twelve trucks from here to there in three journeys. In practice it does not work out like that. The four drivers have to come back after each trip in one of the trucks which they have just driven up.

We Land in France

So, with four journeys, the trucks arrived at our destination. Corporal X, mounting our first ceremonial guard on foreign soil, halted the relief with the word: "Woa!" He did not give it on the correct foot.

With the increasing threat of Germans sweeping through Belgium, a light armoured force was formed to dash on ahead of our general advance when we left the French border. With several others from my unit, I was attached to this striking force.

There were thirty of us "qualified technicians." We were the vital communications link of a vital spearhead. That spearhead in fact never went into battle. If it had done, I do not know what would have happened to it. I was in charge of a wireless set which I simply did not know how to operate.

When the German break-through came we reached the beaches as best we could. For me the final farcical touch was when I disembarked in England face-downwards on a stretcher. Not even my wound could be honourably mentioned.

"Probation" with the Conscripts

There was still a lot of the war left. In time I was turned into what I like to think was a good soldier. Mostly I was serving not with territorials but with regulars and conscripts.

Now, the many people who served in efficient territorial units will say I have been unfair, basing a general criticism on one individual's bitter but limited experience. But the many more who were in inefficient units will agree with me.

How else explain the long period of probation which every territorial had to pass through when he joined a non-territorial unit? The suspicion and distrust apparent immediately his regimental number revealed his territorial origins?

A well-trained unit preferred to receive a man with no training at all rather than a territorial whose "training" of error and indiscipline had to be knocked out of him before he could start again at recruit level.

All this is past history. Maybe it doesn't happen today, now that the T.A. has been reorganized. Maybe. I chanced to get a good close-up view of one T.A. unit recently. I watched the men being instructed, drank in the mess, talked with officers and men.

I might have been back in my old unit in 1939.

The weapons with which the men were training were out of date. If war came they could never be used. The instructors were sergeants and warrant officers. Not a single commissioned officer among them. Both instructors and men were improperly dressed. When an officer told a group of men to shift a truck from here to there, they gave him a tolerant smile of amusement—and did nothing.

In the mess, senior officers said to me: "Of course, it is a bit strange getting used to territorial ways after twenty years or so in the Regular Army, but we're settling down to them quite happily now."

I flew into a temper. "So you're settling down?" I said. "Fine! You're getting used to their ways? Lovely! Don't you realize that our only hope is for you *not* to settle down? That unless you can give the T.A. the same spirit and efficiency as the Regular Army our goose is cooked if another war comes?"

Get the Best Instructors

After that I simmered down and went into detail. These were some of the things I said:

Make all officers pass through the ranks instead of commissioning them because they are in the correct income-tax brackets; make them responsible for the instruction of their own men; sack them if they are no good; test them to make sure that they have the ability to lead their men in advance, not retreat.

Compel the Regular Army to provide its best men as permanent instructors—not its worst. Brigade territorials with regulars wherever possible. Enforce rigid discipline on all parades.

Take a leaf out of the book of my platoon instructor at O.C.T.U. He was a captain in the Brigade of Guards. He had been commissioned from the ranks. He had a D.S.O. and one leg. Before *every* training period he said: "Remember, gentlemen, we are training for war!"

Get rid of the jolly good fellow, happy-go-lucky booze-up atmosphere. Insist on up-to-date weapons and equipment; the sort you're going to use if war comes.

Get some discipline. Everything else is going to fall down without that. But how do you get discipline without punishment? And how do you inflict punishment on a part-time, civilian army? You can't hand out seven days' C.B. to a man who has to catch the 8.15 to town every morning.

The answer is not too difficult to find. How do amateurs maintain discipline in other organizations? How do amateur football teams compel their members to obey orders? How do rowing coaches inflict the particularly burdensome training routine on their crews?

By threatening to drop them from the team if they don't obey. The team is an object of such pride and respect that the threat is enough.

Go for Quality First

Do the same thing with the T.A. Make it an organization which men are proud to belong to, ashamed to be thrown out of. Give it the best in officers, instructors, equipment. Make it efficient, disciplined, proud of itself; each man throwing out his chest not because he is playing at soldiers but because he *is* a soldier.

Stop worrying about numbers. The high-pressure boys are running round in circles trying to recruit an unwieldy mob who will be as disappointing and disappointed as the mob I was in. Stop that nonsense, and go for quality first. Once the T.A. has a reputation for the quality of its men, the rush to join will be so great that nobody need worry about quantity.

And we needn't worry about war.

WITH MY FEET UP

Menus on the Agenda

RECENTLY, IN A STATEMENT on the food supplied in railway dining cars, it was said that the men who arrange the catering "have been doing it for years."

Well, of course, that explains a lot of things.

A conference on menus by the men who have been doing it for years must be a jolly, mouth-watering affair. I can just picture it.

"Gentlemen," says the chairman, "we are first concerned with lunch on the 10.38. On this particular train it is estimated that there will be lunches for only half the people who want them. This, of course, reduces the chances of complaints about the food by fifty per cent."

* * *

"Good," says another. "I suppose we kick off with soup as usual. What soup?"

A little man speaks up brightly. "Don't you think we might give them a little something out of the ordinary—say, cream of celery?"

"We never have," says the chairman, staring at the little man. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Tomkinson, this is hardly the time for change. Anything unusual will be blamed on nationalisation."

"Hear, hear," says another member. "We can't do better than serve the usual Consomme de Whatyoucallit—you know, that pale brown watery stuff."

"Now about the main dish," says the chairman. "We have enough beef to serve one-third of the customers. Shall it be hot or cold?"

A member interrupts. "I agree that this is no time for change. I suggest tepid as usual."

"Tepid it is. And I presume, gentlemen, we include our customary cabbage and boiled potatoes?"

There is a muttering of "Hear, hear," and a slight burst of applause.

* * *

"Now the dish for second choice," goes on the chairman. "There was a quantity of mince left over from the 11.43 yesterday. I suggest that we transfer this to the 10.38 and make it into shepherd's pie."

"Excellent," says a bald man. "And I assume that there will also be boiled cod as usual?"

"Certainly, sir," says the chairman. "Now for the sweet. I feel there will be few objectors if I suggest macaroni pudding and, as an alternative, stewed figs and custard. . . . Agreed? Good! Now, gentlemen, I think we can break up the meeting and all go out to lunch."

by Ian Fox

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by ***HERBERT HODGE***

All right, lads, off you go!

Some advice to three young men with an urge to see the world

I'VE GOT A LETTER here that's done me a lot of good. It's from Merseyside; from three young readers without any money, who've set their hearts on roving around the world. Twenty-one, and recently demobbed, two from the Army and one from the Navy, they want to know what I think of their chances.

It takes me back to the time when I was twenty-one, after the first World War; equally hard up, and with my heart set on a similar trip.

Fighting fit and twenty-one—with the whole world before you! It's a lovely feeling.

Getting down to brass tacks, though, I think a project like this is far more difficult than it was when I was a young man. It isn't only the material problem of ways and means. There's also the moral problem; the question of a man's duty to his country.

Feeling of Guilt

In my time, there was no such problem. Thousands of us were unemployed, with no prospect of a job. Our country was glad to get rid of us. Nowadays, there's a general feeling that a fit young man ought to stay at home and work. And, from their letter, I gather that these three young men are feeling a little guilty about that.

"We realize," they write, "that England needs healthy young men to work for her. Maybe we are letting our country down. But after being abroad, everything at home seems so dull and commonplace that there's no incentive to live."

I don't agree. But when that's the way you feel about it, the best thing to do is to go and try something different. You may find another country or another way of life that suits you better. Or (which I think more likely) you may find how good life is, by comparison, at home.

What People Will Say

Either way, it's an education, and certainly better than staying where you are and thinking of what you might have done—if only you'd had the pluck to break away.

As for a man's duty to his country, many people will say that, if everybody went off like that, the country would soon be down the drain. I don't think that's a sound argument.

The words "if everybody did it" used to make me feel very guilty at one time. It's the stock argument for preventing an exceptional man from doing an exceptional thing. But the fact is, of course, that everybody won't do it. Everybody doesn't want to do it. Everybody hasn't got the guts to do it.

So what the question really boils down to is whether we can spare these three young men. I think we can. After all, they've done their turn of duty in the Forces. No one would think any the less of them if they wanted to spend the next couple of years at a university.

And who's to say they won't get an even better education, and become even more valuable to their country, by spending the next couple of years roving around the world?

The Grand Tour used to be considered an essential part of the rich man's education. So why shouldn't the poor man get his on the Grand Hitch-Hike?

No, if I were twenty-one today, and wanted to go roving, I shouldn't feel a bit guilty.

The practical end of it is the really difficult part. It's more difficult for a man to rove the world today than ever before in human history. At least, that's how it looks when you start going into the passport question, as I've been doing for these three would-be rovers.

They propose to start by going over to the Continent, and, proceeding from there, working for their living as they go along. They say they're "game for anything." They'll need to be.

Not Always Welcome

The trouble is that most of these countries have now passed laws that forbid foreigners to work there, if any of their own people are available for the job. I've got no information on how firmly these laws are enforced. It depends, probably, on local circumstances.

Taking a quick glance at the map of the world, outside Europe and the British Dominions, I'd say the position is roughly as follows. Most Asiatic governments are fairly well disposed towards Britons. Siam—its London office tells me—welcomes Britons and permits them to work. (Though, of course, you've got to bear in mind that when you actually arrive there, the local lads may have a different opinion.)

The Chinese Government admits Britons; but the Northern Provinces don't recognize the official Chinese Government—so travellers have to make their own arrangements there, at their own risk.

For North Korea, you need Russian permission. For South Korea, American permission. Tibet and Afghanistan, of course, still close their doors against nearly all foreigners, as they've always done. For Japan, you need a military permit, which you won't get. And the same thing applies to places like Libya, Italian Somaliland, and so on.

Still, if these three young men of Merseyside are the men they say they are, they won't let little things like that put them off. If I were in their position, I'd forget about the Continent, at this stage, and plan to make a start from one of the Dominions.

I Would Go West

Canada would be my choice. I'd try to get across to Montreal or St. John, or some other Atlantic port, and then work my way over to the Pacific.

From the Pacific coast, I'd simply go where the luck guided me—and the state of international tension permitted me. North to Alaska, perhaps, or south to San Francisco or west across the Pacific itself.

There are all kinds of possibilities for a young, fit man. A chance meeting in a doss-house may put you on the road to one of the most interesting adventures you've ever had. You can never tell what will turn up. You'll probably find it's about nine parts danger, bugs and backache, to one part pleasure. But it's life, it's experience, it's seeing the world. And it's a wonderful education.

Before you can hope to start, though, you'll have to save (or borrow) at least enough money to pay your steamer fare to your first port, and leave you enough in your pocket to satisfy the local immigration authorities when you land.

Even then you might have to wait a long time to get a passage. It wouldn't be fair to try to go out on an assisted emigration scheme—since you don't intend to settle. And it's against the rules to try to work your passage in a British ship. Seamen, naturally, look on this as blackleg labour.

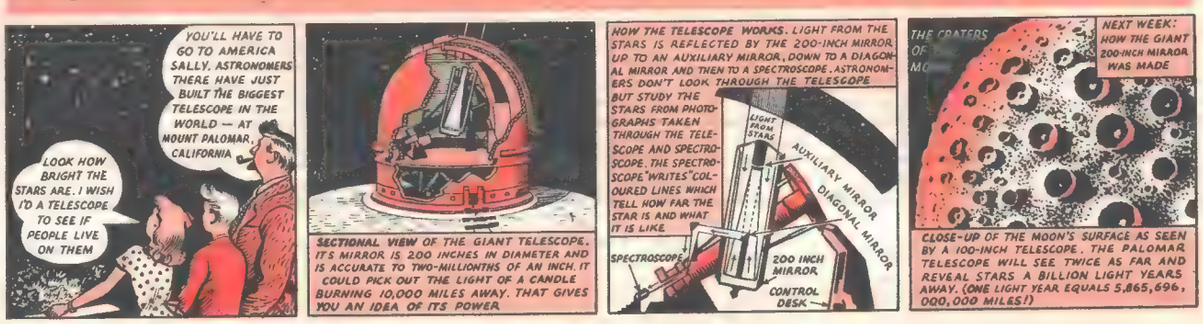
There, roughly, is the position.

You Won't Regret Trying

These three young men say: "We'll take your word and opinion as final." Well, my final word and opinion is this. No matter how hard it is to make a start, or how long it takes to scrape up the necessary money, have a go.

If you make a start, I don't think you'll regret it, even if you come unstuck. But if you don't make a start, because it now looks so difficult, you'll probably regret it for the rest of your lives.

UNCLE ANDY — *The World's Biggest Eye*


YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO AMERICA SALLY. ASTRONOMERS THERE HAVE JUST BUILT THE BIGGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD — AT MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA
LOOK HOW BRIGHT THE STARS ARE. I WISH I'D A TELESCOPE TO SEE IF PEOPLE LIVE ON THEM
SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE GIANT TELESCOPE. ITS MIRROR IS 200 INCHES IN DIAMETER AND IS ACCURATE TO TWO-MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH. IT COULD PICK OUT THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE BURNING 10,000 MILES AWAY. THAT GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF ITS POWER
HOW THE TELESCOPE WORKS. LIGHT FROM THE STARS IS REFLECTED BY THE 200-INCH MIRROR UP TO AN AUXILIARY MIRROR, DOWN TO A DIAGONAL MIRROR AND THEN TO A SPECTROSCOPE. ASTRONOMERS DON'T LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE BUT STUDY THE STARS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPE AND SPECTROSCOPE. THE SPECTROSCOPE "WRITES" COLOURED LINES WHICH TELL HOW FAR THE STAR IS AND WHAT IT IS LIKE
LIGHT FROM STARS
AUXILIARY MIRROR
DIAGONAL MIRROR
SPECTROSCOPE
200 INCH MIRROR
CONTROL DESK
THE CRATERS OF MO
NEXT WEEK: HOW THE GIANT 200-INCH MIRROR WAS MADE
CLOSE-UP OF THE MOON'S SURFACE AS SEEN BY A 100-INCH TELESCOPE. THE PALOMAR TELESCOPE WILL SEE TWICE AS FAR AND REVEAL STARS A BILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY. (ONE LIGHT YEAR EQUALS 5,865,696,000,000 MILES!)

miss marshall

Rulers might change, the captains depart, but majestic Miss Marshall was as immovable as old India itself

by Rupert Croft-Cooke

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

Our reception was gracious. "Chairs!" said Miss Marshall to the servants, and chairs were brought

THE FIRST TIME I met Miss Marshall was on an evening towards the end of the war, and the place was the little club at which all of us, British and Indian, who stayed in that small Deccan State used to meet at night.

We were sitting in an easy group beside the tennis court on which a fast mixed four was being played—an Indian subaltern and a girl in Punjabi dress against an older man whose wife miraculously played well while she wore a *sari*.

We were talking, watching, drinking, when I noticed that at the other end of the wide veranda, the length of the court away, there was a stir among the white-clad club waiters and the members near the entrance from the club. Even some of those in our group seemed to be watching expectantly, and it flashed across my mind that whoever was to make his entry had a good build-up.

There was a long pause before a large Englishwoman emerged, bowed her greetings and prepared to sit down in a seat which had been dusted for her by one waiter while another offered—unsuccessfully—to take the parasol which she gripped in her left hand.

This, I realized, was Miss Marshall, who had been governess to the late rajah and the present ruler.

What a woman! She must have been nearly six feet tall and had the bearing of a guardsman on parade. Every movement seemed to come from the drill book; even her smiles and nods were grave and mechanical. Her hair was sandily grey and abundant, arranged as a sort of pedestal for the large white hat which was fixed upon it as firmly as a pagoda roof.

I do not know what Miss Marshall was wearing that evening, but I am left with an impression of her clothes which I cannot dismiss from my mind. I must be wrong, of course, for what she makes me see is the intimately remembered costume of my own nurse with whom I went for summer walks on the Surrey Downs some thirty years ago.

My nurse wore white—and the skirt that my dirty little fingers tried to clutch was of surprising stiffness like starched whipcord. She also wore a hard belt into which was tucked a gold watch suspended from her neck on a black cord, and a high collar—lace, was it?—stiffened round her neck by a series of strips of whalebone. Finally, my nurse surmounted her hair by a round, wide-brimmed straw hat.

Now I cannot ask you to believe that Miss Marshall's costume of a few years ago resembled, or indeed bore any relationship with, this ancient mode. I can only say that, when I try to remember Miss Marshall's dress in the Bulapur Club that summer, I see my nurse in the Surrey of a summer before the first World War.

One of the Englishmen rose.

"I must go and pay my respects to Miss Marshall," he said to me.

I think that there was a faint twinkle in his eye, and, if so, it was perceptible, intentionally perceptible to me alone, to a compatriot. It was as though he was allowing himself one of those intimate little jokes about their Royal Family which Englishmen, among other Englishmen, may permit, but which would be actively resented on the lips of a foreigner.

"Will you come and be introduced?"

I followed him across. Gracious is the only word to describe the reception given to us by Miss Marshall.

"Chairs!" she said to the servants who stood behind her, and chairs were brought. We sat, the other Englishman and I, one on each side of Miss Marshall. I waited with an almost passionate curiosity for her to speak.

From a being so monstrous and archaic, nothing could have sounded commonplace. What she actually said was, in that place and time, a most surprising thing, since in Southern India, even among English people, the weather is never discussed. (How can it be? It is dry and hot or wet and hot. There are no changes or possibilities, and the rainy season starts and ends at predictable times, almost on predictable dates.)

Miss Marshall gave us a regal smile.

"It has been a lovely day," she announced.

Neither the Englishman nor I was tempted, I think, to point out that it had been exactly as three hundred other days of the dry season were and forever would be. We assented politely as if it were as important as the weather at an English garden party.

"I see that our soldiers are thrashing the Japanese," Miss Marshall further announced. There had, in fact, been some slightly better news from Burma. The Englishman smiled willingly.

"They've a long way to go yet," he pointed out.

Miss Marshall conceded this with a slow inclination of her ponderous head.

"They will go that way. I see the King has been across to France. Really

This'll make you bristle

You'll never believe this, but there are still chaps about who think that because they've got stiffish beards, Coro-shave is not for them.

Some even consider that anything other than the old brush-and-lather drill is cissy-ish, anyway. Which is as brilliantly logical as believing that the only way to cure insomnia is to say something rude to a heavy-weight champ!

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THE HUMAN MACHINE

You've Got to Work for It

IT is a universal and perfectly natural habit to look for the quick way to happiness and prosperity. We all, at heart, believe that sooner or later we shall find the magic formula that will enable us to get something for nothing.

All we are doing is cheating ourselves. Instead of having a goal and going for it, we plunge desperately in every direction trying to satisfy vague and ill-defined desires. To know exactly what you want and then to bend every effort to get it is sense. Anything else is a waste of time and energy.

'We must work for what we want—and give it everything we've got. Life is a business, not a lottery.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

MISS MARSHALL: from previous page

the war might almost be said to be over. Don't you agree?"

"I don't think I should put it as strongly as that," said the Englishman.

Miss Marshall ceased to watch the tennis and looked at him.

"You don't?" she said. "I can't think why not."

We could both think and, indeed, could have told her with some emphasis why not, but we gazed guiltily at the tennis players as though we were a couple of defeatists in the presence of a patriot.

The tennis set finished and the four players came across to us. As Miss Marshall prepared to hold court for a larger circle, the Englishman signed to me and in a few moments we had left her.

I spent last winter in India. Frankly, I wanted the sunshine, the bright colours, the freedom. I wanted to luxuriate again in the unregulated life of a people who care nothing for clocks. I wanted the long hours of scented moonlight. And I stupidly thought that it might be interesting to see the new India.

I had not been ashore for a week before I realized that this latter was a vain hope. There was no new India, only the old, the incalculably old India, who had turned over once more in her sleep. And there never would be a new India, I decided, as I watched a flower-covered corpse being carried on a stretcher to the burning *ghats*.

Changes, conquests, creeds — what difference would they make to this people? Our own intrusion of two or three centuries' duration seemed already as forgotten as the invasions of Alexander the Great, and there was nothing but a few buildings and playing-fields to remind India of our rule.

In the long perfumed dream of her history our strenuous notions of life had never been more than a faint distraction, and now that our last troopship had left Bombay and our last vehement calls to action, progress, unity, democracy had ceased to echo through the sunlit air, she could continue undisturbed in her crimson reverie.

But no one prepared me for Miss Marshall.

I had gone down to the club on my first evening in Bulapur to get a drink and to meet again some of the minor state officials whom I had known in the old days.

It would be pleasant, I thought, to recall the memory of Miss Marshall now that such irrelevant figures had passed from the Indian scene.

I was sitting in a group chatting happily, when I noticed that flurry of servants which I had first seen on an evening of 1944.

And behind them she sailed in like a schooner, the great full-breasted matron, the incredible daughter of Victoria.

"Still here?" I gasped stupidly to my Indian friends.

They began to speak flippantly but fondly of her.

"We couldn't do without Miss Marshall."

"It is said that she does not know that India is free."

"The Ruler will never let her go home."

There was no change in her, as far as I could see. She looked, if anything, younger in face and more archaic in costume. Her dignity was unimpaired. And when I came up to her she called imperiously for a chair to be brought and waved me towards it.

"Are you on duty?" she asked.

"Why no, Miss Marshall. This is a pleasure trip. I am a passing visitor."

"I see. It has been a warm day," she remarked.

"Very warm. I rather expected that you would have returned to England."

"I wonder why you should have thought that. I have refused my furloughs in England consistently over the past twenty years."

"But I thought that with the new constitution perhaps. . . ."

"Oh, you're taken in by all that stuff and nonsense, are you? Window dressing, my dear young man. You don't suppose that for one moment we should allow the reins of *real* authority to pass from our hands? You may call India what you please, but don't imagine we shall abandon our trust here."

I was enthralled. I knew better than to argue, though.

"I expect you know the country far better than I do, Miss Marshall," I said non-committally.

"I certainly do. After all my years here. I know the dangers and weaknesses of it."

"But you choose to remain here?"

"I? I have my duty here. The Viceroy himself, when he visited this state more than twenty years ago, drew me aside and told me that he looked to me to see that the best traditions of loyalty were maintained in Bulapur. Do you think I could betray such a trust?"

I glanced across at my Indian friends. They were smiling with friendly tolerance. They understood.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Property Tax Problem

THE OWNER OF A HOUSE on the south coast is called upon to pay Schedule "A" property tax amounting to £16 18s. yearly. He asks:

"If I take up a mortgage of £250 on the property, shall I still be liable to pay property tax or will this responsibility fall on the mortgagee?"

The property tax liability arises because the "annual value" (Schedule "A" assessment) of the house which you own and occupy is deemed to be part of your total income from all sources. The rate of tax payable is determined by that total.

If you mortgage the property, the Schedule "A" assessment will still be part of your income, but interest payable to the mortgagee will be allowed as a deduction. The way in which you get tax relief for the interest will depend on the nature of the mortgage. The Schedule "A" liability as a whole will not be shifted to the mortgagee—he will merely be taxed on the interest he receives.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,400 for GIANT "BULLETS" BIRTHDAY OFFER!

THE lamp you see here is a real one. But to entrants in our *Bullets* contests it is JOHN BULL'S magic lamp, for on special occasions it is brought out of its safe in Long Acre to open a new world of thrills for some reader.

On the lamp are already inscribed the names of two competitors: this week brings you a golden opportunity to add your name to the roll of those whose *Bullets* have brought them fortunes in cash and the privilege of having Three Wishes fulfilled by JOHN BULL.

Today we celebrate the thirty-sixth birthday of *Bullets* in fitting style—with a prize-list value over £1,400. Use your coupon from this page to enter the best *Bullet* of this memorable offer and, on Friday, October 22, a thrilling telegram from Long Acre will invite you, as £750 First Prize-winner, to have three rubs at the magic lamp!

TRIPLED 1st PRIZE

THREE WISHES

AND

£750 CASH

(Subject only to practicability and a reasonable cost limit to be indicated, JOHN BULL undertakes to fulfil any three wishes of the £750 winner.)

£50, £25, £20, £18, £16, £14, £12, 4 of £10, 8 of £5

Each cheque with EXTRA BIRTHDAY GIFT 100 "Bullets" Seasons—1,650 "Good Shots"

UP TO 20 RADIOS

—one to each Birthday Cheque winner whose successful *Bullet* was won on an 8-effort coupon.

"Bullets" 1,646 Result

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus RADIO AWARD: A. Hughes, 41 West Ilsley, near Newbury: MASS OF KNOWLEDGE WASTED—DIDN'T "KNOW" *Mind*!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Radio Award: H. G. Warden, 3 Larkfield Road, Gourock, Renfrewshire: TO MAKE ENDS MEET—AMUSES FIDO—WORRIES "BULLDOG."

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Radio Award: W. F. Evans, 3a The Terrace, Barnes, S.W.13: MASS OF MUD—SOVIET'S CONTRIBUTION TO "ROAD."

OTHER AWARDS. £9: F. H. Caradine, 76 St. Mark's Road, Maidenhead: TO MAKE ENDS MEET—IMPOSSIBLE? MEET THE MISSUS! £8: V. M. Bale, 94 Redcatch Road, Knowle, Bristol, 4: GOING FULL BLAST—ON MY MARGARINE SANDWICHES? £7: W. J. Rogers, 53 Brooklyn Road, Cheltenham: FAITH'S ARMOUR—TOO OFTEN "SLUMBER SUIT." £6: A. White, 689 Halifax Road, Hurstead, Rochdale: PICTURE OF PEACE—FAILURE, IF BERLIN "TRAILER."

FIVE of £5: W. E. Hawes, Plummer's Hill, Wells, Norfolk: DAD'S TOBACCO—PLANTS, DAD'S PIPE KILLED! P. A. Morris, Belle Vue, Deansbrook Road, Edgware: GOING FULL BLAST—ROUND VILLAGE, CURATE'S "DAMN!" T. Naybour, 4 Gorsefield Road, Prenton, Birkenhead: ON MY MONEY—CAN SAVE—*Or* EAT! H. T. Pitt, 20 Leighton Road, Knowle, Bristol, 4: ON MY MONEY—MY *Dreams* ARE "RETIRING"! Miss E. Underhill, 121 Barker Street, Road End, Oldbury: GOING FULL BLAST—MOSCOW, DISTORTING OUR "PROGRAMME."

20 Prizes of £1 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XWORD 598 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Soggy. 3, Food or Wood. 7, Best. 8, Mud. 10, Bate. 11, Sink. 13, Red. 14, Mare. 15, Codger. DOWN: 2, Gates. 4, Daddle. 5, Beds. 6, Lords. 9, Baking or Biking. 12, Pet.

THREE £100 SHARERS: W. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; W. H. Gough, 10 White-Hart Street, Cheltenham; R. Wood, 1 Thomson Street, Stockport. Winners also receive Surprise Parcels.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 38 entrants.

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps at the rate of 6d. per 2 *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated October 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Storm-tossed World	In Vain
Keep Smiling And	My Friend
Light Of Truth	On Sunday
With Us	Here And There
Drums Of War	Always Trying
Plenty	Fish Out Of Water
Man In The Street	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
A Winner	
To Get Prices Down	The Big.....
Shrouded In Secrecy	Job For A.....
Football Fever	What.....Fears
At Sonny's School	.....Future
Nobody Cared, So	Nowhere Near.....
The Listeners	If Only They'd.....

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 23, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,650 (or Xword 602) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 23 with offer of **137 FINE XMAS FEASTS**

463

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Completing coupon (eight efforts, 2s.) adds Radio to any cheque you win.

Closing Postmark, **1,650** MON., OCT. 11

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

FINE NEW PRIZES with XWORD £100

Awards value up to £250

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. Grand new prize with each Award value £1 and over—a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service!

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 34 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and there may be a First Prize telegram for you on Tuesday, October 19.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

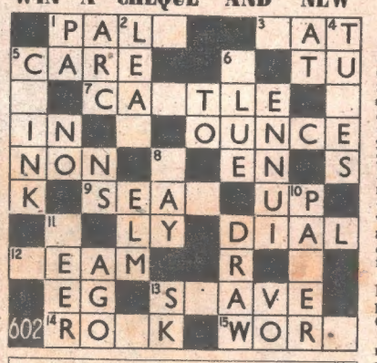
Across Clues **XWORD 602**

1. Shouldn't give winner swelled head
3. Bad one may let down his side
7. Sometimes seen on slope
9. Most people are glad to see one at the Zoo
12. May not be heavy enough to suit requirements
13. After all-night sitting, average M.P. is likely to feel like one
14. One is sometimes the product of powerful pressure
15. A man ought not to feel like this, just because his boss is present

Down Clues

2. It takes a bold rider to take this in the dark
4. Certain these are associated with sleeping
5. You may get a surprise, looking through
6. Dissolves in hot water
8. Being an hour or two late for work may make a hole in a man's
10. Most youngsters could learn a lot from
11. One is sometimes left

WIN A CHEQUE AND NEW 100-in-1 PRIZE!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 23.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

602 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 11

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

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Baby decides which milk is right. Steady progress, sweet sleep, lovely firm limbs—these are all baby's way of saying "Ostermilk."

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OSTERMILK

is right

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